McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1919 NO 6

MEMORIAL: "OUR FALLEN CRUSADERS."

Sermon (Abridged) Delivered By Rev. Arthur Gregson at Memorial Services, Colegrove, Jan. 25.

Text: John 15:13.

The date of America's entry into the war, April 6, 1917, will rank as one of the most epoch-making in the annals of its history. It was an answer to the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us!" It was the re-incarnation of that spirit which counts liberty more precious than life itself. Our text has become freighted with new meaning. No commentary or learned exegesis has made so plain Christ's teaching, as have the events of the last four years. We have witnessed an almost miraculous wealth of sacrifice. Our choicest gifts have been laid on the alter of God and Democracy. No crusade has ever had for its object a holier purpose.

The greatest democracy in the world could not remain quiescent while an infidel autocracy was crucifying the Son of God afresh. We discovered that we had a community of interests with democracy across the seas. We were friends. Spirit touched with spirit across thousands of miles of grey, wind-swept space. Invisible cords bound us together. When the news came throbbing over the wires that our "friends" were being bled white; their lands devastated and depopulated; their women raped and their old and young massacred; this nation was swept by a wave of hot, surging indignation. We remonstrated with Germany, insisted that she observe the recognized rules of war, but all to no purpose. Germany was defiant. It soon became apparent that America must line up with her "friends." Thousands of the youth of Belgium, France and Great Britian had already made crimson with their rich, red blood, the fields of Flanders and France. The cry for help became more and more insistent. "Sons of Washington and Lincoln, why do you wait?" The British with their bull-dog tenacity, and the French with their unconquerable spirit, had formed a human barrier from the English channel to the swiss frontier, beyond which they were determined the German hordes should not pass. That magnificent wall of, 100 per cent. manhood was bent by the impact of repeated German assaults, but thank God, for their sakes and ours, it never broke. The story of their heroic resistance thrilled us. It was more than any red-blooded American could stand. We knew that they were fighting our battles. That poignant poem, written by a young Scotch-Canadian officer gripped our hearts.

"In Flanders fields, the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row.
That mark our place. And in the air,
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved. And now we lie
In Flanders fields.
"Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you with failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

The answer of the American conscience forced a declaration of war. These men should not die in vain. We would take up the torch and "carry on" until a trail was blazed for universal democracy.

It only needed a spark to kindle into a flame the latent fires in the hearts of our young manhood. The call to arms touched into life undiscovered possibilities. One never knows what is passing inthe heart of another. Of all things human nature is the most mysterious and deceptive. As one has said: "God seems to play at hide and seek with men." He hides pearls in oysters, lying in the ooze of the sea; and gold under the everlasting snows of the Arctic regions. Diamonds are buried deep down beneath the African veldt. He places Christ in a carpenter's shop, Joan of Arc in a peasant's dwelling, Lincoln in a settler's cabin and Burns in a crude cottage built by his father's own hands.

(Continued on Page 8)

YOUNG HERO PROGRESSING.

John L. Welch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Welch, of this place, has been named for a scholarship at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and will leave Thursday or Friday of this week for that place to commence work under the tutorship of Uncle Sam in the U. S. Naval Academy Preparatory School. For saving a scout master from drowning some two years ago, John was awarded a medal from the Carnegie Hero Fund last April, and from which fund his expenses and tuition at Annapolis will be paid. The Leader joins with John's numerous friends here in congratulating him upon securing the appointment.—New Bethleham Leader.

The foregoing is of interest to Smethport people as John Welch was born in Smethport, and it was for saving Rev. O. Gray Hutchison, formerly pastor of the Baptist church here, from drowning that he was awarded the medal. It is understood that John made strenuous efforts to enlist during the great war despite the fact that his parents objected and that he was not old enough to get into the service without their consent. It was about four years ago that the boy rescued the minister from drowning at Coryville where a party of boy scouts were in swimming. Rev. Mr. Hutchison was scoutmaster of the local troop and his rescue by the lad received wide publicity.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Hon and Mrs. James McKean celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary last Thursday very quietly at home only relatives and Rev. P. J. Donahue being present at the bounteous dinner served in observance of the event. This highly respected couple wished to observe the day quietly and with the exception of a few friends no one was aware of the importance of the date. They were married in Kane January 30, 1869, there being only a very few houses in that place at that time. In fact Mr. and Mrs. McKean have seen McKean county "grow up" and can relate many interesting details of that growth. Mr. McKean until he retired from active business life was a prominent farmer, lumberman and oil producer, and his interests in those directions are still extensive. He is a Republican and formerly an active worker in the affairs of that party, which some years ago elected him as a member of the assembly. Mrs. McKean is prominent in church and social affairs, and a faithful worker for the Red Cross. It is the wish of the community that this well beloved couple will celebrate many more anniversaries.

ENJOYABLE EVENING.

Monday evening the Rebekahs entertained the Odd Fellows and their families and guests at the lodge room. A musical program was rendered consisting of piano duets by Harriett Herzog and Nettie Harriman; a vocal solo by Lenora Hovis, who is a most remarkably gifted child; piano solos by Lucile Hovis and Lillian Michaels, and vocal solos by Mrs. Flossie Bouton. A pleasing feature of the program was the music of the Smethport Allied Band, the organization being invited to attend; and after refreshments were served dancing completed the program of a very enjoyable evening. The band and Lillian Michaels and Nettie Harriman at the piano furnished the dance music. The Rebekahs wish to thank all those who took part in the program, especially the band for services rendered.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for many acts of kindness shown us also the choir for services rendered, at the time of the death of our dear mother.

adv6w1 Mr. and Mrs. Peake.

FORD.

We have on hand a 1918 Ford Touring Car, thoroughly overhauled and in excellent condition, good tires, which we will sell for $325.00, in order to make room for storage of new cars.

SMETHPORT GARAGE CO.

adv.5tf

RUMMAGE SALE.

Thursday, February 13, St. Lukes' Guild and Womans Auxiliary will hold a Rummage Sale at the Parish House. Doors open at 10 o'clock a. m. Remember the date. adv6w1

Subscribe for the MINER.

DEADLY BOX MYSTERY WAS SOON SOLVED.

Great Bomb Scare Had Tame Ending —Nonexplosive Flatirons.

Thursday morning of last week a woman with a mysterious parcel tied securely with a rope, spent almost the whole day at the Pennsylvania station and was the means of starting a bomb scare that created considerable excitement. The station officials did not pay much attention to her during the day but in the evening asked her some questions. The woman was totally deaf so that conversation was not easily carried on. She said she came from Harrisburg in response to a call from Sheriff E. W. Jones, that she was a secret service agent and the business was of great importance. The station agent telephoned to the sheriff, but as he was not expecting any secret service sleuth, he notified Constable Dickson of the circumstances and the constable took the matter in hand. The woman was well dressed and apparently no pauper and the constable induced her to agree to go to a hotel for the night, and he would show her the way. So they started for up town and the officer said it was a never to be forgotten trip. The woman insisted on carrying the mysterious rope-bound box and as it weighed fully fifty pound and the lady was stout and short of breath, their progress was necessarily slow. After a few blocks had been laboriously covered, the officer commandered a car, with two flat tires, but the remainder of the trip was accomplished with comparative speed. The woman at all times absolutely refused to let another person touch the heavy parcel, finally admitting after much questioning that it contained a "wireless telegraph" that she used in her secret service work. Meanwhile the story had been widely circulated that a woman had attempted to blow up the sheriff with a bomb. The lady was taken to a hotel and assigned a room, whereupon several traveling men guests of the hotel who had heard the street rumor, demanded to have their rooms as far isolated from that terrible box as the architecture of the hotel would permit. These bold knights of the road were accommodated, and greatly to their surprise the hotel was intact in the morning. The whole affair was cleared up Friday when it was found that the lady was slightly demented and lives in a nearby town. Her husband came and took her home. The mysterious box was opened at the hotel. It contained flatirons of a non-explosive variety.

PERILS OF THE RAIL

H. B. Otto of Keating township said that when he was coming to Smethport Friday morning he saw a large white skunk frozen fast to a rail on the Shawmut tracks. For reasons easily understood Mr. Otto did not investigate very closely but was of the opinion that the animal tarried too long while crossing the track with wet fur and just naturally froze there. He notified the section crew of the thrilling job that awaited them and considered his duty accomplished.

STATE OVERSEER COMING.

P. H. Dewey, Overseer of the Pennsylvania State Grange, is addressing Grange Meetings in McKean County this week and next. He will speak at Fidelity Grange Saturday evening February 8th. A large meeting is expected. Among the Granges in the vicinity of Smethport which the State Overseer will visit are: Thursday evening at Crosby; Friday evening at Farmers Valley; Saturday afternoon at Coryville, and Monday evening at LaFayette.

DEATH OF BRYAN B. WALKER.

Bryan Blair Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Walker of this place, died Friday, January 30, 1919, the cause of his death being tuberculosis. Bryan was born March 15, 1892. The funeral was held Saturday at 2 p. m., at his late home, the Rev. E. H. Edson officiating. Burial was in Rose Hill cemetery. Surviving besides his parents are three sisters, Mrs. Gertrude Hockenberry, Miss Ruth Walker and Miss Nellie Walker, all of Smethport.

—The following Smethport girls attended the basketball game at Bradford Friday evening: Misses Frances Taylor, Harriet Jones and Lucile Hovis.

FAMOUS FIGHTING DIVISION.

L. K. Hogrth has received a letter from his son Lt. Donald Hogarth which is the first since October. It came from Rheinbrohl, Germany, and in it Donald was able for the first time to give a full account of his year's service overseas with the Second Division, regular army. We copy the following from Maj. Gen. LeJeune's general order No. 1 for 1919 of which each man in the Division has received a copy.

"The Second Division played a part of great military and historical importance in this tremendous engagement. It fought five pitched battles always defeating the enemy, and it has won the right to have inscribed on its banner the names of the brilliant victories won by it at Château-Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge and Argonne-Meuse. The casualities were 732 officers and 23,653 men, total 24,385. This was about ten per cent of the American Expeditionary Forces' causualities. It captured 12,026 prisoners, over one quarter of the total number captured by the A. E. F. It captured 343 cannon, about one quarter captured by the A. E. F.

The officers and men of the Division have earned by their valor, their skill and their victories, the admiration and gratitude of our Allies and our countrymen. That the New Year may be a happy one for all members of the Division, their families and their friends is my most sincere wish.

(Signed) John A. LeJeune.

Major-General U. S. Marine Corps Commanding Second Division A. E. F.

The Division consists of the 5th and 6th Marines, 9th and 23rd Infantry; 12th, 15th and 17th Field Artillery; 4th and 5th Machine Gun Battalions, 2nd Engineers, 2nd Ammunition Train, 2nd Trench Mortar Battery, 2nd Field and Signal Battalion.

Don is an officer in the 12th Field Artillery. Two other Smethport men were in this Division, the late Robert Cleveland and Norman Simkins. All three were engaged in the famous encounter at Chateau-Tolerry on June 4st.

FORMER SMETHPORT BOYS.

The Miner is in receipt of a clipping from an Akron, Ohio, newspaper, of recent date, containing photographs and the following article concerning two former well-known Smethport boys now with their country's forces overseas:

Claude H. and Harry B. Callen, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Callen 1177 Edison-av. are among Uncle Sam's boys with Pershing.

Claude H. Callen is with M. G. Company, 146th Infantry, A. P. O. 763, stationed in Belgium.

Harold B. Callen is with Company C, Seventh Infantry, sailed for over seas last June.

Claude, in a letter home, writes that the boys "over there" were all mighty glad when the fighting was over.

"We were on our way to the front line trenches when we were ordered to stop. I hope our next move will be in the direction of the good old U. S. A."

He writes that Belgium is a pretty country and more like America than France, the buildings and homes being built of brick and fashioned after the American style of architecture.

Callen writes of the terrible condition in which the Germans have left Belgium. "The first day our division was in Belgium," he continues, "we were detained in the outskirts of a place that had once been a thriving little city. You could not have told that there had ever been a city in that place for not a single building was standing.

"As the Germans were beaten back they took everything they could lay their hands on that was worth a penny; cows, poultry, down to the very last thing the Belgians had. There was not anything too low for them to do."

Harold B. Callen has also seen war at first hand on the firing line. He writes that though he would not sell his experiences for any amount of money, he gets lonesome for Akron and his many friends. The pet dog he is holding in the photograph he found in France. "I call her Mess Kit," he writes, "she is just seven weeks old and French all over.

—Mrs. Hazel Balz and children will leave Friday for Buffalo where they will make their future home. They have made many friends during their residence in Smethport who will regret to have them depart, but wish them happiness and prosperity in their new home.

WELL KNOWN MAM DIED SUNDAY.

Chris McCarthy, Well Known Resident, Passed Away at Age of Sixty-one.

Sunday afternoon the sad tidings became public that Chris. H. McCarthy has passed away at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Judd of East Main street. The direct cause of his death was pneumonia, although injuries that he recently suffered while at work are thought to have contributed to the cause of his sudden ending. Mr. McCarthy was a contractor and skilled workman in stone and concrete construction jobs. The caving in of a retort at a chemical factory at Coudersport a short time ago injured Mr. McCarthy quite severely, although it is understood that he continued at his work for a few days after the accident. Friday of last week he came to his home here in a much weakened condition and pneumonia soon developed.

Mr. McCarthy was born in Coudersport August 19, 1857, but has been a resident of Smethport almost continuously since he was a young man except at such times as he was absent on construction jobs in the section of the country. He was widely known in the building trades as he and his brothers have worked upon hundreds of buildings, bridges and sidewalk jobs in this and neighboring counties. He was a genial, generous companionable man who numbered his friends by the hundred and much sincere grief is expressed over news of his sudden death. He was married to Miss Mary Sullivan and—and seven children survive him; namely, Mrs. Nova Judd, Earl Robert, Howard, Claire, Callahan and Allene. All are residents of Smethport, Robert, Earl and Howard are at present in the army, both having received wounds in the fierce battle of last summer. It is understood that Earl is now at Camp Upton, L. I., and efforts were being made yesterday to secure for him a furlough that he might attend his father's funeral, but the result of these endeavors is not certain at this writing. Mr. McCarthy is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, sister, Mrs Allizone Voorhees four brothers, Frank, Joseph, John and Eugene, and several grandchildren. The funeral was held this morning at St Elizabeth's church, Rev. P. J. Donahue officiating. Burial in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

CITATIONS FOR BRAVERY.

In a letter received from Norman Simkins last summer he intimated to his parents that if they wished to learn something of interest concerning him that they should obtain from the government a copy of "General Orders No. 40." The Council of National Defense at the local office took the matter up with the government and finally received the document from which the following quotations are taken regarding Private Simpkins and also Sergt. R. Cleveland who was killed in action at Chatteau Thiery.

Headquarters Second Division, American Expeditionary Forces
France, July 5, y: 18.
General Orders No. 40.

Citations

The names of and the deeds performed by the following named officers and enlisted men of this Division are published as being well worthy of emulation and praise:

Fifth Marines.

Sergeant William R. Cleveland,
51st Co., 5th Marines:

Showed extraordinary heroism in looking after his section during heavy bombardment during an attack, keeping them together and cheering them on at all times.

Private Norman A. Simkins,
51st Co., 5th Marines:

Displayed extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty, carrying messages under heavy machine gun fire.

By command of Major General Bundy:

Preston Brown, Colonel,
General Staff, Chief of Staff.
Official:
William W. Bessell, Adjutant General, Adjutant.

—Wright Smith, who has been stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia has received his honorable discharge and returned to Smethport, Monday. He is now employed at B. T. Garlick's hardware store.

PEACE CONFERENCE AT SMETHPORT.

Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of January, it was our good fortune to be a guest at one of the most unique and entertaining functions that we have attended since "befo de wah." The occasion was the annual birthday party given by the Travelers Club and this its twenty-eighth birthday was celebrated with a patriotic luncheon with Mesdames Wyant, Purtle, Geary and Nellis as hostesses. Promptly at one o'clock about forty of the club members assembled in the reception room of the club house, which was decorated with flags of our allies. In the receiving line were Mrs Lois Studholme representing President Wilson, Mrs. Clara McCoy as Marshall Foch, Mrs. Ada Young as General Pershing, Mrs. H. Hamlin as King Albert, Miss Choate as General Diaz, Mrs. J. W. Bouton as Sir Douglas Haig and Mrs. Helen Morrison as Lloyd George and Mrs. Ralph Burdick as Lansing managed the financial part of the undertaking in a capable manner. These ladies are ex-presidents of the club hence were invited to be seated at a beautifully decorated Peace table in the center of the room, and never since King Arthur and his loyal knights gathered about the round table has there been a more notable gathering. A delightful luncheon was served by the ladies in charge. The menu was camouflaged but not the food, the days of trick bread, etc., having passed. During the luncheon a belated traveler arrived—held up, not by a submarine but by the Kushequa—who proved to be the ex-kaiser, represented by Mrs. McCandless. He was not given a hearty welcome, in fact did not seem to expect it. He was dressed in civilian's clothes and his only decoration was an iron cross pinned on by himself; as usual he was spreading propaganda and eulogizing "me and Gott and Willie" but was too yellow for the Travelers Club, we prefer it combined with white. Following the luncheon President Wilson gave us a short and spicy account of his overseas trip, also a description of his wonderful airship and ventures that travels with him, at the close of which he introduced Marshall Foch, who although small in stature has a mighty brain and has accomplished wonders in organization. Next was introduced our own General Pershing who referred back two hundred years to the time when his forefathers were natives of Alsace-Lorraine and now he has been instrumental in restoring this country to its original owners. At the close of his talk Marshall Foch decorated him with the croix-de-guerre. King Albert was introduced and spoke in a touching manner of what this war has meant to him and his people and also acknowledged what this club has meant to the women of this community. This was followed by a strong appeal from General Diaz for his countrymen in our land, making a special plea that some way be devised whereby the women could have some advantages. General Hidg then persuaded the audience that he is absolutely all right. Lastly Lloyd George took the floor and told us in a few brief sentences why, when and how England declared war on Germany. Mr. Hohenzollern "nibbed in" by declaring he did not want a peace he wanted the whole cheese. But we are not so greedy, we only want the Rhine. And so leaving the goddesses of liberty of the different countries to look after the welfare of the club house we thank the committee for a most delightful day, trusting that our 29th birthday will find us an unbroken chain and at peace with the world—Contributed.

INTERESTING MEETING.

Rev. E. H. Edson delivered a most interesting lecture on his experiences in Alaska at the parish house Tuesday night. A musical program was also given consisting of a piano duet by Helen Gleason and Helen Bouton; piano solo by Emily McCoy; duet by Janette Harriman and Harriett Herzog. The Travelers Club quartette composed of Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mrs. F. H. Hungiville, Mrs. Mary H. Bosworth and Mrs. S. F. Redfield sang several selections. This meeting was under the direction of Mrs. Rose Herzog and Mrs. R. E. Burdick and was held in place of a regular meeting of the Travelers Club postponed January 4 on account of the influenza scare. Rev. Mr. Edson's lecture being based on personal observation was intensely interesting and highly instructive. The evening's entertainment concluded with the singing of "America" by the audience.

Advertise in the Miner.

HAD BIG PART IN VICTORY

World Likely to Be Amazed When It Learns What the Aircraft Really Accomplished.

We have become so used to stories of wonderful feats accomplished by aircraft during the war that everything we hear nowadays leaves us almost cold. The things that, before the war, would have furnished bold headlines in the newspapers and have been a topic of discussion for days in the places where people congregate excite no more than passing notice. It is scarcely surprising, then, that the story of how touch has been maintained for more than two years between the allied armies of the Near East and the gallant remnants of the Serbians and Montenegrins who were hidden among their mountain fastnesses, and of how they were supplied with arms and cartridges by airplane, has hardly attracted attention. There has been nothing but the barest mention of the fact. We are not told how and from where the machines carried out their mission, of how many were engaged in the task of supply, or of what effect their wonderful performances may have had on the situation by keeping up the spirits of the gallant few who have held out against the enemy for so many weary months. We are simply told that the Serbian army, in its victorious advance, has obtained touch with those bands, who "since the Austro-Bulgarian occupation have been holding out among the mountains and have been continuously supplied with arms, food and cartridges by airplane." Now that the episode is historical, concludes Flight, and the enemy can gain no possible advantage from knowing how it was done, it is a pity that some official commentator with an imagination cannot tell us the full story, which must be a real epic of war.

JUST WHAT BILLION MEANS

Probably Few People Have Right Conception of What an Enormous Amount It Represents.

We hear of billions these days, but it is probable that very few persons have any notion of what an enormous amount of money a billion represents.

We do know, however, how rapidly an expert counter of coins manipulates them. You can scarcely follow the motion of his fingers as he shifts the coins from one pile to another and counts them. The experts in the treasury department will count 1,000 silver dollars an hour and keep this up all day long, but that is their limit.

Working 8 hours a day, then, an expert counter of coin will count 32,000 silver dollars in a day, but how long will it take him at that rate to count a million dollars? Thirty one days!

But that is only the beginning of the measurements of great figures, for if the same man were to continue to count silver dollars at the same rate of speed for ten years he would find that he had counted only 100,000,000 of them, and that to count 1,000,000,000 of them would require 102 years of steady work at the rate of eight hours a day during every working day of every one of the 102 years.

BEES WORK TO KEEP WARM

Another Example of the Remarkable Intelligence Displayed by the Little Gatherers of Honey.

The bee upholds his reputation for industry throughout the winter months as during the summer. Being susceptible to cold, the bee must have some means of supplying warmth.

It was found by experiment that only the shell of the cluster made by the bees in cold weather is compact. This is formed by one of several layers of bees all solidly arranged with their heads inward, their hairs interlacing.

This arrangement is perfect for conservation of the heat within. Except for an occasional shift of positions the bees forming the shell are quiet. But within the shell strange things are going on.

It is here that the heat is generated. And the antics are not unlike our own when we are cold.

The bees are packed loosely within the shell so that there is plenty of space for many bees to be exercising at a time. Rapid fanning of the wings, shaking the body from side to side, rapid breathing, and other movements are all parts of the scheme for raising the temperature.

In one particular instance, when a bee had been rapidly fanning with his wings for seven and a half minutes the thermometer nearest him registered 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

Forts Built With Natural Cement.

The volcanic island of Santorini, in the Aegean sea, produces a natural cement called "portselana," which mixed in certain proportions with lime and sand is an excellent substitute for the best cement.

"Portselana" has been used for many centuries and is still being used throughout the near East in the construction of bridges, harbor works, breakwaters, forts, lighthouses, etc., in the Mediterranean, the Black sea, and the Adriatic. With it the Venetians constructed the great fort of Monemvasia and Nauplia, the then Gibraltar of the eastern Mediterranean, the foundations of which are in the sea, intact and immovable up to now after many centuries. The forts of Crete and those of the Dardanelles are also built with "portselana."

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Alice M. Frayer
vs.
John J. Frayer

No. 10, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Alice M. Frayer did on the 6th day of June 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John J. Frayer.

We therefore command you the said John J. Frayer that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Alice M. Frayer your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Melvin & Melvin, Lib. Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Frace Glass
vs.
Harry Walter Glass

No. 11, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Frace Glass did on the 6th day of June 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Harry Walter Glass.

We therefore command you the said Harry Walter Glass that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Frace Glass your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Simon & Wilson, Lib. Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Axel Callenburg
vs.
Clara Callenburg

No 18, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Axel Callenburg, did on the 17th day of June, 1918 prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Clara Callenburg.

We therefore command you the said Clara Callenburg that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Axel Callenburg your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

H. S. Rogers, Lib. Atty.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Charles E. Storms
vs.
Lettie Chase Storms

No. 110, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Charles E. Storms did on the 27th day of August 1918 prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Lettie Chase Storms.

We therefore command you the said Lettie Chase Storms that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Charles E. Storms your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Katherine Burke, Lib. Atty.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Fred Gustafson
vs.
Anna Gustafson

No. 132, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Fred Gustafson did on the 7th day of September, 1918, prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Anna Gustafson.

We therefore command you the said Anna Gustafson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why Fred Gustafson, your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

P. L. Tyler, Guy B. Mayo Lib Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 20, 1919. adv 4t.

ATTRACTIVE ONLY TO TOURIST

Eastern City of Mosul Not a Place In Which Westerners Care to Make a Long Stay.

Mosul, the modern Nineveh, is a picturesque but not altogether attractive city. The houses are built of irregular blocks of stone laid in thick mortar. They are usually covered with a white stucco, made by burning the local gypsum rock.

The roofs of the same material as the walls, are usually flat, with a waist-high parapet, but are not infrequently domed. Doorways are often made of slabs of the easily carved gypsum.

The streets are narrow and aimless, forming a maze of tangled lanes. As there is no system of sewerage whatever, they serve as repositories for all the filth of the houses that border on them. They are rarely so wide that more than two men can walk abreast.

As a result of the fine dust, the filth and the glare of the sun on the white walls, ophthalmia and lung diseases abound. The flies, which breed in the open refuse heaps in astonishing numbers, swarm over everything. They cause the button, common also in Aleppo and Bagdad, an ailment that resembles a carbuncle and persists for several months and leaves an ugly scar.

Opposite Mosul, across the river, are the last vestiges of Nineveh, capital of the second of the world's great empires. In places, great walls of the ancient city, built of tremendous masses of sun-dried brick laid on a high broad wall of cut stone, are still traceable. The city was further protected by a moat into which the waters of a small river could be conducted. It was hewn to a depth of 20 feet and a width of 50 yards, and, like the walls, is in evidence today.

TRUMPET NOT IN HIS LINE

Master of Organ a Distinct Failure When He Essayed to Play Another Musical Instrument.

There is an amusing story told about Sir Frederick Bridge, the famous organist of Westminster abbey and of how he was once guilty of making a "row" within the edifice. It was at the time of the coronation of King George V. One of the rehearsals to take place was that of the state trumpeters, who practiced their fanfares within the building. During their temporary absence Sir Frederick Bridge thought he would see what kind of a fanfare he could produce, and, borrowing one of the trumpets, set about making such discordant sounds that the clerk of the works came up and expostulated: "If that row continues," he said, "my workmen threaten to go on strike, and if they do the coronation will have to be postponed." Sir Frederick hurriedly put down the trumpet, and soothed the workmen by playing a selection on the organ.

Varying Length of Life in Fishes.

The length of life of fishes is variable in the extreme. When we think of the great number of enemies to which any fish is exposed, such as other predatory fishes, parasitic worms and crustacea and other parasites (which are usually harmless to man but destructive to the fish) crabs, sea birds, bacterial diseases, etc., we easily see that to live in the water and escape all these dangers requires many protections which at best can preserve only a very small number of fishes beyond the spawning time.

Such protections to fishes are speed of swimming, defensive spines and fins, the ability to distend themselves like the puffer to prevent being swallowed, teeth, electric organs, heavy corselets of scales which easily slip from the skin and a high state of resistance against disease.

Thus, if a fish is well protected, out of a large number of its kind a few may live to reach unusually large sizes. There are records of very large fishes of most known varieties.

Value of Introspection.

To do anything worth while we must be something worth-while, and we cannot be if we take it all out in talking. The mind must receive impressions before it can give them, the heart must feel before it can make others feel, the soul must be filled before it can overflow.

If people would only live more, if they would only think more, if they would only sit in silence alone with their souls now and then, the words they gave out would mean so much more. But alas and alack, the art of conversation is not lost, it is flowing on and on until one longs for silence with a great and overwhelming longing that only silence may satisfy.—Exchange.

Missouri Mule Always There.

The Missouri mule was in the war long before the Missouri soldier entered it. The declaration of war was made for him in 1914, two years and a half before Pershing and the thousands of other Missourians got their orders to wheel into line. He had made a brilliant record there before their appearance. But, according to the London advices, he seems to have felt the impulse of Missouri behind him at the last, for it is written: "The mule shared in the big British advances on the western front this fall and proved his grit and worth by keeping right up with the rapidly advancing artillery." That is a Missouri characteristic.

NO LONELINESS AT NIGHT

All Sorts of Animal Life Shared Room of Guests Sojourning In Javanese Hotel.

I could never forget the thoroughly humanized character of this isle of the East nor admire it as I had Ceylon with its wealth of wilderness and wild life, writes William Beebe, in Asia Magazine. Yet I am forged to admit that never have I been on more intimate terms with so many forms of animal life in any building as in a Javanese hotel. Fishes only were absent, and I am convinced that if I could have remained, it would be only a question of time when the remarkable climbing fish of Javanese waters would have flopped across my portal. When a gentle rain began to fall at dusk and continued throughout the night, it seemed as if most of the insect life of Java took refuge in our room, and attempted suicide against our electric light bulbs. One of the first arrivals was a mole cricket. I spent much energy in pursuit of the first arrival, before I realized that race suicide played no part in the life problems of gryllotalpa. Legions followed, escorted by myriads of mosquitoes, moths, beetles and nocturnal dragonflies. Then the vertebrate phyla passed in review. A great, bubble-eyed toad hopped fearlessly about our feet dignifiedly searching the floor for fallen insects, while a pair of mice slipped from corner to corner on the same errand. The air was winnowed now and then by small bats, and the walls and ceilings were quartered by cactus-tool lizards, pale-hued geckos which wiggled swiftly from moth to moth, or posed like delicate Javanese paintings on shoji. Over the electric light a pair of Indian sparrows sat on their nest in the full glare, waiting for the cessation of this artificial day. At last we crept beneath our nettings and in the darkness listened to the pattering, and were lulled to sleep by the subdued, small talk of all the little bungalow beings.

WHERE HINDUS ARE SUPREME

Have No Equals in Balancing, Rope Dancing and Other Performances of Like Nature.

"I have seen many balancing, rope dancing and tumbling performances in circuses and theaters, but they are not equal to those of the Hindus in India," says a traveler. "It is not unusual in India to see girls in their teens balancing themselves on their heads with their heels in the air, or walking on their hands and their feet with their bodies bent in curious postures. I once saw a performer in India place her head in a hole 20 inches deep and emerge with a bracelet that was concealed in the sand.

"One of the most interesting performances is that of women who dance on ropes. One plays a musical instrument, while the other goes through gyrations, holding a number of articles in her hands and taking care not to drop them. The Hindus execute any number of sword-balancing feats. The most difficult perhaps is that in which the point of a sword is placed on the chin of the performer."

All Follow Bell Mule.

An old flea-bitten, hammer-headed, ewe-necked bell mare, slowly picking her way across the corral at the remount station at Camp Zachary Taylor, followed by a long string of mules walking in single file, heads down and ears wagging, served as illustration for an officer attached to the big cantonment who had just finished remarking that "horse nature and mule nature and human nature were mighty contrary things any way you take them."

"Now, take those mules," he said. "The education of a pack mule is a thing that must be begun early. He has just two purposes in life.

"One is, to carry 225 pounds day after day patiently and uncomplainingly, and the other is to follow the bell mare of the train, regardless of where that animal may go. Well, there is in that corral an illustration of the effectiveness of our training. The old mare has started after a drink of water and there goes every dad-blasted one of those fool mules after a drink of water."

Shallow Heroes.

This is no time for hunting up the made-for-the-occasion hero. That self-exalting, keep-your-eye-on-me individual is extremely busy calling attention to personal merits. In the swirl of common-places you would never see them if they were not thrust before your eyes. But he keeps you posted. With half a chance he'll talk you into oblivion with hero tales of his own exploits. He carries his worth on the surface and when you have looked him over you have seen all there's to him. Heroes of the tin-soldier type are members of his class. You can tell them by the rattle of their wares which they always carry around for exhibition purposes.—Exchange.

Parental Advice.

"My boy, now that you are going out into the world to make your mark, you will probably have some love affairs."

"Yes, dad."

"But I ought to warn you particularly against one type of woman."

"And what sort is that, dad?"

"The kind who says she is trying to find herself. Ninety-nine out of a hundred men who join a woman in that sort of search come to grief sooner or later."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WHY DOES A MAN WEAR A HANGDOG LOOK WHEN BUYING A NEW HAT?
WHY DOES A KID FEEL LIKE THIS IN HIS FIRST PAIR OF LONG PANTS?
WHY DOES A MAN JOIN A LODGE?
IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?
WHY ISN'T IT LEGAL TO KILL THIS GUY?
WHY DO SOME PEOPLE FORGET THEIR MANNERS AT THE TELEPHONE?

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

PHONE 661.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus
Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE.

Smethport, Pa.

Having bought the

GROCERY BUSINESS

of George M. [illegible]

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY

Phone 9-2-J

SMETHPORT, PA.

Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY

AND

BAKED GOODS

AT

BRASTED'S

Bakery

"We're getting along with less coal now"

"I counted the number of shovelfuls yesterday and I believe we'll be able to get through the winter with two or three tons less than last year."

That's what the Perfection Oil Heater is doing for over 3,000,000 homes and it will do it for *you*. Perfections are *safe* and when you use

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

your Perfection will respond with an intense, radiant, smokeless, odorless heat the minute you strike the match.

Why Atlantic Rayolight Oil? Because it is so highly refined and purified. It gives most heat per gallon yet costs no more than ordinary kerosene.

Use it in your lamps and lanterns, too. You will get a clear, brilliant light, and without having charred wicks all the time, either.

The best time for you to buy your Perfection Oil Heater is right *now*. Your dealer has them—reasonably priced—$5.65 to $10.00.

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For *perfect* results always use Rayo Lamps. The ideal light for all purposes. Made of best materials. Designs for every room. Ask your dealer.

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Your best friend on dark, stormy nights. Never blow out or jar out. Construction insures perfect oil combustion. Ask your dealer.

The Atlantic Refining Company

Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

See McKean County Miner's

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YOU HAVE TO FIND YOURSELF before you can seek success. True, life is a constant struggle, but you can carry within you sufficient power for any undertakin. DETERMIOATION imbued with hope and supported by faith will do anything within the range of possibility.

Now then, lets steam up and move ahead. Begin your Bank accouut to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1.00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

FIRST SHOWING OF

New Spring Underwear and New Blouses

at

THE BISETT SHOPPE

McKean County Miner

Smethport February 6, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Hester Kerr spent the week end with Miss Helen Johnson in Bradford.

—Victor Engstrom has been confined to his home during the past week by illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker returned to their home in Bradford Monday after a few days visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker.

—Miss Mabel Olson, who held a governmental position at Washington, D. C., during the war has returned to her home here.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Heath and Dr. Burg Chadwick went to Buffelo Tuesday where Mrs. Heath will receive medical treatment at the hands of a specialist.

—Miss Mae E. Choate entertained a number of ladies at a 6 o'clock dinner at her home on King street Saturday The evening was spent in card playing and all report a delightful time.

—Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fay, who spent their honeymoon in Philadelphia and neighboring places, have returned to Smethport and will make their home in the Eberspacher house on East Main street.

Word has just been received from Tom Hungerford for the first time in three months by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed: Hungerford of Bolivar. Tom has been in France for over a year and is now with the American army of occupation in Germany.

Miss Crystal Comes and Miss Ina Milroy entertained the Cononada Camp Fire Girls and their guardian Miss Carrie A. Day, Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Comes on King street. An elegant six o'clock dinner was served by the young ladies.

—A basketball game was played between the Smethport high school and the Bradford high school teams at Bradford Friday evening. The score was 63 to 3 in favor of Bradford. The following players made up the Smethport team: Craig Workley, Clarence Daly, Glade Moncer, Robert McCarthy and Orville Dalpenny. A game was also played between the following high school boys and the Ludlow basketball team at Smethport Friday evening. Holmes Spangler, Louis Hall, William Gallup, Leonard Curtis and Harold Goina. Score 6 to 17 in Smethport's favor. A dance was held afterwards. Grant's orchestra furnished the music.

—Mrs. W. A Hovis and daughter, Leota, spent the week-end with relatives in Bradford.

Spanish Influenza can be prevented easier than it can be cured.

At the first sign of a shiver or sneeze, take

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top. At All Drug Stores.

—People receiving subscription reminders will please not be offended. The MINER'S terms are two dollars yearly, payable in advanece, the same to one and all.

The ground hog had no trouble in seeing his shadow, but if he was so silly as to hole up again on a beautiful day like last Sunday, his weather prognostications are not to be taken seriously.

—The upsetting of an automobile at Westons Mills, Thursday night was the cause of fatal injury to A. E. Hodges of Elfred, 60 years old, while Carl Peterson of Portville, 35 years old, sustained a broken shoulder and scalp wound. Internal injuries caused Mr. Hodges death at the Olean hospital two hours after the accident. Mr. Peterson is expected to recover rapidly. Cause of the accident seems to be unknown.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Various reports been made in regard to the Auditors report of Norwich Township Road Fund. Will say on Jan 2 1919, at the Auditors meeting an Auditors Report was drawn up subject to publication in one or more of the county papers and it must have disappeared. However, I will give from tally papers in my possession a short account. Later the regular statement may appear.

Chas Hall Treasurer of Norwich Township Road Fund, Dr.		
To bal. on hand 1917, auditors Report		$1947 69
To amt. rec'd from E. L. Gallup collector 1916 tax		9 13
To amt rec'd from E. L. Gallup collector 1917 tax		76 36
To amt. rec'd for labor on State Highway		51 00
To amt. rec'd from County Treasurer		3689 89
To amt. rec'd from J. E. Baily, Justice of Peace. Fines		10 00
To amt. rec'd from E. L. Gallup, collector, 1918 tax		2060 00
To amt. rec'd from State Appropriation for 1913		403 13
To amt. rec'd from County Commissioners for Town Hall Election		20 00
Total Receipt		$8207 20
Credit		
By Vouchers Paid		7959 40
Bal. Due Township		$247 80

C. M. BENSON, one of the Auditors.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday the 21st day of February 1919, by H. G. German, John Troy, Wm. Melville, W. T. Mayer, R. Kessler Jr., and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th 1874 and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Norwich Chemical Manufacturing Company," the character and object of which is the manufacturing, selling and dealing in products produced by chemical processes and known as chemicals, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

F. D. GALLUP, Solicitor.

adv 5w3 Smethport, Pa.

COUNTY FOOD ADMINISTRATION T. F. HUNGIVILLE DID SPLENDD WORK.

Napoleon aptly expressed it when he asserted "an army travels on it's stomach." There is no question that an abundance of palatable, sustaining food contributed to a great degree in preserving the splendid esprit de corps of the armies of freedom in their great victory over the mighty forces of darkness. It was said early in the conflict that the side which could throw the last ounce of resources into the balance would triumph. And such proved to be the case. But back of all this was a mighty organization at home so efficient and far-reaching in it's scope as to make it almost impossible for the human mind to grasp or realize the magnitude of the work. A patriotic people stood united back of their armies in the field, ready to give to their last dollar, but to regulate the *food supply for the soldiers in camp* at home and the ever-growing army overseas, and still leave sufficient for the civilian population was a herculean task which required quick, decisive steps and a far reaching effect. The United States Food Administration, the huge organization, which sprang into being almost over night, performed miracles in the handling of the situation in an incredibly short time; with the result that not only were our armies in the field the best fed in the world but our well-filled larders helped to sustain the valient armies of our allies in the titanic struggle.

The writer has been in a position to observe the workings of the vast war machine at home and abroad from all angles and is of the opinion that in the entire organization there was no more important position than that of United States Food Administrator. Here was a real man-sized job, which required an executive of zeal and initiative, who not only had to be on the job every minute with no limits to the hours of his work, and day, but who had to be both a dictator and a diplomat in the discharge of his duties, for the average person, no matter how patriotic, must be shown in matters affecting the stomach. It was a thankless task in many respects, without one single cent of pay, and now that our objectives have been gained and the people can settle down to a clearer survey of the great work accomplished by different war bodies, too much praise cannot be given the Food Administrator for his splendid discharge of one of the most important tasks in the conduct of the war.

In McKean county the organization was fortunate in having as Food Administrator, T. F. Hungiville, of Smethport, who has made a splendid record, second to none in the results obtained. Mr. Hungiville has not only been on the job 24 hours every day in the conduct of his office without one cent of renumeration but has incidentally found time to take a conspicious part in the other war activities. During his his long residence in Smethport he has been one of the leading men of the community who has contributed materially in the development of the town and has held various positions of trust in the school district and borough. The outbreak of the war found him with busines interests scattered over a wide area of country in Pennsylvania and adjoining states. But, with the entry of the United States into the conflict his great capabilities have been thrown unreservedly into war work, to the neglect of his own interests and he has accomplished a prodigious result. In spite of his own affairs and the fact that much of the time his health was non too rugged, he has been on the job every minute and his work deserves the highest commendation. It has been men of the type of T. F. Hungiville who have "brought home the bacon" in the wonderful work accomplished by America in the war.

Mr. Hungiville was born in Keating township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1863. His parents Thomas and Hannah (Shea) Hungiville, who came to this country from County Kerry, Ireland, and were sturdy pioneer residents of this section, who reared a large family, all of whom are among the most well-known and most successful residents of this county.

Mr. Hungiville attended district school in Keating township and took a four years course at the Smethport academy. He taught school for eight years then was elected County Commissioner of McKean county, serving from the first Monday in January, 1894 to first Monday in January, 1903, making nine years and was one of the most efficient officials ever in that office.

During the pst sixteen years he has been extensively engaged in the bridge and building contracting business and while in the pursuit of his business he has traveled much, he has successfully managed ventures at home and has painstakingly filled positions of trust in the community. But during practically all of the duration of the war he has devoted all of his time to activities for the promotion of the interests of the United States and its allies, serving as Federal Food Administrator, for McKean county; member of executive committee of Smethport Red Cross; member of executive committee of National Defense and Committee of Public Safety; member of Speakers' Bureau and one of the Four Minute Men.

In these different activities Mr. Hungiville addresed many meetings throughout the county and visited every dealer in food commodities in the county many times, holding numerous meeting to discuss food matters in the different towns of the county. As a result of his vigilance as Food Addministrator nine individuals were permitted to make voluntary contributions to the Red Cross, ranging in sums from $5.00 to $100.00.

Three confiscations of food were made and three mills were prohibited from selleing what they purported to be bolted corn meal on account of their product not being up to the standard. The price of ice was regulated in different towns in the county.

In telling of the many activities and incidents of his department Mr. Hungiville said:

I have been ably assisted by the Women's Division of the McKean County Federal Food Administration, the Women's Council of Defense and Deputy Food Administrators.

In no instance would I care to mention any one individual as putting forth greater efforts than any other person for the good of the cause, as each and every one enumerated as volunteers worked faithfully and to the best of their ability. No request was made by me of any of the persons engaged in the work, but what was done cheerfully and well.

Many ludicrous incidents occurred, of course during the strenuous times that wheat, fats and sugar were limited to the consumer, these incidents being so numerous that it would be folly to attempt to tell them all.

"Many people claimed that they would use all the flour they wished and that they would feed the substitutes to their live-stock. Others said they had so many sacks of flour in the house, some of which had been gotten into by rats and mice and that the food administration was welcome to this if they wanted it.

"Many others wanted to know if they could call up this office on reverse charges, as they did not think they should pay when they were seeking information. Had they read the newspapers carefully they would not have needed to have called up this office.

"During the time when they were compelled to write to this office for permission to get sugar, many really laughable statements came. Instead of stating the variety and quantity of fruits, meats or vegetables on hand to can, they would state the variety and quantity of fruit, meats or vegetables they had already canned or preserved. In one instance, when I had returned a statement asking them to please state the variety and quantity of food stuff on hand to can, I received the reply that that they had one teaspoonfull of sugar on hand.

"One party wrote in for permission to buy sugar for the purpose of preserving plums. This was along about the the last of October or the first of November, and I immediately sat down and wrote him, asking him where he had been able to secure plums at that late date. Up to the present date I have received no answer from him.

"Some complained of the postage they had to pay to get the ear or the 'goat' of the county administrator, while others apoligized or condemned themselves for not having had sense enough to have written to Mr. Hoover or Mr. Heinz and thus he enabled to appease their hunger for more of the dainties that they were accustomed to using and by a more direct route as they expressed it.

"A great many wrote and asked Mr. Heinz' address as they wished to write to him in regards to getting sugar. This information was readily given to them.

"Another source of satisfaction to the complainant was a threat to have the local administrator's 'salary' revised downward if their requests were not immediately complied with.

"I feel, on the whole, that the good people of the county accepted the conditions imposed upon them in a patriotic and cheerful manner and lent all possible assistance to the local administrator. Each and every newspaper in the county gave the widest possible publicity to all requests made them for space and I would fall short of my duty were I not to mention this and I feel that not only the local administration, but every branch of the Food Administration from local administrator on up to Herbert Hoover owes a debt of gratitude to these good people who so willingly devoted their time and their talents to the cause."

ANNUAL REPORT
McKEAN GRANGE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
of Pennsylvania.

Receipts.		
Balance in treasury Dec. 31, 1917	$1868.30	
Premiums received during year 1918	406.80	
Assessments received during year 1918	3469.60	
Assessments received during year 1918 for 1917	2.50	
Received for use of office for year 1918	30.00	
		$5778.59 $5778.59
Disbursements.		
Fire Losses Paid:		
Jan. 31, 1918—Mae F. Hackett, damage on house	$ 36.00	
Mar. 8, 1918—John McAuliffe, damage on house	30.00	
March 26, 1918—E. A. Studholme, barn and contents	160.00	
May 21, 1918—Rev. A. J. Fischer, garage	50.00	
May 25, 1918—E. J. Wright, damage barn, lightning	5.00	
May 25, 1918—C. J. A. Gustafson, 4 cows, lightning	146.00	
May 28, 1918—John Bartley, damage barn, lightning	20.00	
June 1, 1918—W. J. Boyd, damage barn, lightning	20.00	
June 8, 1918—C. B. & Gust Benson, on house, lightning	50.16	
June 13, 1918—F. G. Tenny, on M. E. church, lightning	10.00	
June 21, 1918—G. F. Hibbard, on barn, lightning	200.00	
July 24, 1918—G. A. Taylor, on barn, lightning	6.00	
July 24, 1918—Mrs. Ellen Walker, 2 cows, lightning	70.00	
Aug. 8, 1918—Harry E. Taylor, on house, lightning	200.00	
Dec. 6, 1918—E. S. Bell, house burned, def. chimney	150.00	
Total fire losses	$1126.16	$1126.16
Adjusting fire losses	72.82	
Office expense, postage, printing, etc.	271.20	
Calendars for year 1919	103.50	
Office rent	90.00	
Directors' expenses	44.06	
Officers' salaries	521.83	
Auditors' expenses	11.30	
Bonds for Secretary and Treasurer	21.00	
Membership in Pennsylvania association	5.00	
Refund on overpaid assessment	4.80	
Total expense	$1116.19	$1116.19
Total disbursements		$2242.35
Balance in treasury Dec. 31, 1918		3536.24
Total amount off asurance in force Dec. 31, 1917		$1,139,649.80
Amount of increase during year, 1918		90,099.60
Total amount of insurance in force Dec. 31, 1918		1,229,747.30

C. F. BOLLER,
E. A. GUENTER,
F. J. HACKETT,
Auditors.

ATTEST:
H. D. OTTO, Secretary

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

SMETHPORT, PA. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1919.

The Republican Publicity Association, through its president, Hon. Jonathan Bourns, Jr., recently gave out the following statement from its Washington headquarters:

"With democracy in the making in Europe the people of this country are witnessing the Democratic party in the unmaking in the United States. Whilst the various bureaucrats appointed by an Administration which has well-nigh destroyed free government here are boasting of what they did to win the war, their utter inability to handle the problems of peace or war gives distress to the people and assurance that 1920 will find written on the headstone of the party founded by Jefferson this epitath: 'Wrecked by Wilson.'

"Upon America's entrance into the war the government entered into various construction contracts on a 'cost-plus' basis which tempted contractors to disregard expense and tended to encourage slacking on the part of the workmen. As a result, while men were idling on government contracts, private employers were unable to get help for the essential work of production, particularly on farms. Favoritism was practiced in the letting of contracts as illustrated in the facts disclosed by the Hughes aircraft report.

"In early selections for important war work partisanship was considered before ability. At the head of the Fuel Administration was placed a man of no experience in coal production with the result that we had coalless Mondays and workless periods at a time when full time work was of vital importance. Shipbuilding and aircraft production were put under the control of experienced business men only after public criticism had forced the President to act. 'Too late' is written upon almost every page of our war history.

"A few of the most glaring instances of departmental breakdowns in Washington are here enumerated:

"War Department. (1) The aeroplane fiasco—22,000 aeroplanes promised our troops by July 31 of last year. About 1,000 planes of American manufacture delivered, reported by the commander of the American aero squadron at Verdun to be 'fire traps.' About $1,500,000,000 appropriated for this program.

"(2) Nearly $5,000,000,000 appropriated for ordnance. Pershing's report gives only 109 seventy-five's delivered up to cessation of hostilities! No guns of large caliber delivered.

"(3) Immense appropriation for gas shells. Reports show first American gas shells arrived on the front the day following the signing of the armistice.

"(4) Inability to meet requirements for uniforms, field glasses and many other articles of equipment compelled the department to make requisition on Great Britain and France.

"(5) Pay to soldiers overdue on an average of 6 months. Private benefits held in this country to succor unpaid, stranded soldiers returned from Europe. Financial bureau of War Department utterly demoralized and unable to say when claims can be liquidated. Secretary Baker hypocritically blames Congress, although Congress appropriated $201,654,279 for pay of officers, and $776,458,721.04 for enlisted men of the line and the deficiency appropriation act of November 4th appropriated an additional $696,327,159 for the pay of officers, enlisted men and nurses.

"(6) Demobilization program demoralized. Commands and countercommands reported emanating from department daily. Status of discharged soldiers wearing uniforms undetermined, one consequence of which is a fearful amount of drunkenness reported, notably in St. Louis, which is not supplied with military police.

"(7) Department unprepared to take care of wounded returning from front. See speech of Senator Chamberlain, Dem.

"(8) Casualty reports in a fearful mess. Not yet all in. Many cablegrams incorrect. Cables clogged with details of dress and social functions of Wilson junketeers.

"Navy Department.—Daniels, a small-navy man in 1916, now asks for navy biggest in the world, just at the time the President is trying to organize a League of Nations, one purpose of which is to reduce armaments.

"State Department. — Russian situation daily more grave. Poles on the rampage. Bolshevist armies overruning Baltic Provinces and Ukrainia and seeking junction with German bolshevists. Mexican situation becoming acute. Uncertainty what to do with respect to recognizing Costa Rica. President had intimated that war is over, applicants for passports told it is not. State department unable to function while the heads are in Europe.

"U. S. Shipping Board.—Promised 6,000,000 tons of shipping by end of this year; estimate of 3,000,000 tons considered fair. Hurley complicating matters in Europe by purchases of potash of which Germany is practically the sole producer, and trying to effect standard sea pay for all nations. Hog Island project results in expenditure of over $60,000,000. But one ship reported completed, and that was launched 65 per cent riveted to celebrate President's visit there.

"Division of Railroad Control. — Ten months under Government operation the revenues increased $735,000,000 due to a 50 per cent increase in passenger, and a 25 per cent increase in freight rates, but the net revenues were $215,000,000 less than received for a similar ten months period under private operation, showing that Government operation of the roads cost the people of this country $950,000,000 more than it cost them under private operation, over a period of ten months. Yet Mr. McAdoo asks Congress to extend the period of Government control for five years of experimentation, costly inefficiency, and cumulative irritation of the American people.

"War Trade Board.—Demoralization in releasing tonnage for export trade. About 170,000 tons of freight in port of New York alone awaiting shipment for South America, Great Britain slashing freight rates, while American shippers are unable to secure release of tonnage from Government.

"Treasury Department.—Payments on war contracts delayed. Soldiers' allotments and insurance far overdue. Seventy thousand applications for allotments, formerly granted, now cancelled after large sums had been paid out. Months required, perhaps years, to adjust claims. Bureau stepping on its own feet.

"Commerce Department. — Redfield advocating restrictions of domestic exports in order not to interfere with European nations in their export trade. Democratic newspapers complaining that European nations are securing a firm hold on South American trade with the United States dallies.

"Post Office Department. Emulating the one hoss shay."

What one Oil City girl thinks of the postal service between here and "Over There" is not all for print. A few days ago she received back from France a package of twenty eight letters that she had written to her soldier lover. On them was written "Cannot be located," and "unknown;" this in spite of the fact that she had been hearing from her sweetheart and he has been getting letters from his own family. But the young lady's letter-writing had not been in vain. Her epistles had fallen into the hands of some person willing to read them, for all had been opened, and in one of them was written: "You are some letter writer, and I enjoyed your letters very much."—North American.

In a circular-letter recently sent out urging better attendance at Grange meetings, H. J. Rice, state deputy, says: "The Grange is an organization to better farm conditions, it is national in its scope, the only big farm order. All of its benefits in the past and those of the future are the results of the farmers in the many communities throughout our nation, 'meeting together, working together, talking together,' for his protection and advancement. When a Grange, through lack of attendance, neglects its meetings, the farmers' interests in the county, state and nation suffers." State Overseer P. H. Dewey, will deliver an address to the Grange here next Saturday night.

While the imputation will be scornfully denied it certainly looks as though most of the states that ratified the prohibition amendment were in a helova hurry to do so before the soldiers got back from overseas. The soldier vote and influence is at present an unknown quantity but is not safe to take chances with. The election next fall ought to be a pretty good indication of how this new force in politics is going to frame up.

The office of clerk of courts of this county will not have many seekers after the national prohibition amendment goes into effect. A great part of the revenue from that office comes from liquor license applications, and unless the office is put on a salary basis it will be hard work to coax anyone to accept it. Other county offices are effected in a financial way, but none of them to the extent of clerk of the courts.

Food prices are actually coming down. Shoppers Saturday were pleased to find a marked decrease in the price of butter, and eggs while it is said that canned goods are due to take a decided drop. Cheaper prices on all all sorts of clothing and shoes are promised within the near future.

Nat Goodwin, famous comedian and matrimonial expert, is dead. He was about to commit matrimony for the sixth time when he was relieved by death.

Just Like Getting Money From Home

TO KEEP WARM THESE COLD NIGHTS IN OUR HEAVY

Night Gowns

and

Pajamas.

REASONABLY PRICED.

H. W. Rubin & Son

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

Marriage License.

Jan 30—James Hayward Taylor of Rochester, N. Y., and Lillian Lobell of Bradford Pa.

Jan 31—Harry Wagman of York, Pa., and Dagmar Ida Lindgren of Kane, Pa.

Feb. 3 Frank Shoup and Pearl Frederick both of Olean, N. Y.

February 4. William Earl Collins and Daisy Bell both of Bradford.

Deeds.

Jan 29 Adam Gates Estate and heirs [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

T. L. Mckean to Grace A. Mc[illegible] Smethport, $1.

Eugene K. Morgan to S. [illegible] Moore, Bradford, $1.

Karl Michaelisch and wife to J. W. Robertson, Liberty Twp. $750.

C. E. McElvee and wife to Karl Michelisch, Liberty Twp. $500.

Wayland Robinson, et al to Mary W. Robertson, Liberty Twp. $1.

C. A. Dolley and wife to C. A. Lewis, Liberty Twp., $1000.

Feb. 3—Charles W. Lillibridge and wife to Maurice O'Connor, Port Allegany, $1400.

Bernard Blum and wife to Lloyd Scherer and wife, Port Allegany, $1000.

Feb 4 O. D. Bleakley, Exr. to Thomas H. Given, Otto Twp. $75.

Otis P. Hoffman, Exr. et to Gustavus A. Olson, Hamilton, $1.

Raymond Lewis and wife to Dominis Bressan, Liberty, $850.

Alice L. Barden and husband to Frank Howard, Eldred, $1500.

Josephine Lang and husband to Frank Howard and wife, Eldred, $600.

Frank Howard and wife to William P. Leffler, Eldred, $700.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Jan 29 James Wallace to C. A. Crate, Kane, $400.

Wm. Wallace Brown to Emil S. Johnson, Bradford, $1700.

Jan. 31— P. W. Durkin to F. Lee Barlett, Kane, $2000.

Andrew P. Corwin to Frank H. Reidy, Bradford, $500.

Feb. 4—D. M. Cotton to Hiram Cotton, Otto, $3000.

Feb. 5—J. H. Edmunds, et al. to Thomas H. Quinn et al, Eldred Twp., $30500.

Daniel J. Kervin to F. M. Johnston, Foster, $20,000.

Assignment of Mortgage.

Jan. 31—Geo. S. VanVechten to J. J. Donnelly, Bradford, $3950.

Not a Modern Gun.

"What were you going to do with this revolver?" asked Walter Pritchard, judge of city court.

"Shoot rabbits," replied Abe McMurray, colored, age seventeen, 356 Fayette street, who was on trial charged with carrying concealed weapons.

The judge examined the weapon, which was a small one, and noticed that the barrel would not revolve automatically. He called the defendant's attention to this fact, and was told that it would revolve if turned by hand.

The judge still appeared undecided, then finally remarked: "If this was a real gun I would fine you $100 and costs, but since it is only about half a gun I will make the fine just half the usual amount." Then he wrote $50 and costs across the face of the affidavit.—Indianapolis News.

Archangel.

The province of Archangel is bounded on the west by Norway and Finland, on the east by the northern Urals and on the south by the provinces of Vologda and Olonetz. It is the largest province of European Russia, but is credited only with 320,300 population. The great waterways traversing it northward to the Arctic ocean are the Petchora, Onega, Dvina and Mesen rivers. Archangel, the town, is near the mouth of the Dvina.

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

At Lindholmes this Week.

Macaroni fresh from the factory, long and short, and free from Substitute flour, at a bargain.

Navy, Kidney and Lima Beans at 16c a pound. Also Brown beans at 12c a pound.

Finest California Canned fruit of all varieties.

Please call up. We are always at your service.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H. SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport.

Include soap in your next order, when you can get such values as we offer:

White Flyer .....5c cake
Lenox Soap .....5c cake
Oak Leaf Soap .....5c cake
Pearl—White Floating .....5c cake
Export Borax .....6c cake
Sweet Heart—Toilet Soap .....4 for 25c

Get our prices on P & G and Fels Naptha Soap

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

ALWAYS FIND 'EM HERE

The finest and most complete lines of Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

The Miner $2 Per Year

Shoes at Special Prices

1st LOT.—

Low shoes in button and lace oxfords plain, and two and three strap pumps, some childrens low heel pumps in the lot. Values up to $4.00 for

$1.95

2nd LOT.

Womens shoes cloth tops, kid tops button and lace with high louie heel medium and low heels sizes up to and including threes

$2.39

3rd LOT.—

Womens shoes same as above except in sizes 3½ to 6 this price to clean up this lot quickly.

$2.75

These prices are for but a short time and every item is a value that comes but once in a long time don't miss looking these over.

Masser Brothers Co

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Armours Fertilizers

I am in position to give you very attractive prices on ARMOUR'S FERTILIZERS.

The reputation of the Armour Fertilizers has been made from results obtained in the field and you will make no mistake if you fill your fertilizer requirements with Armour's High Grade Animal Matter Fertilizers.

Write me or call for prices I know they will interest you.

B. T. GALICK

The Corner Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport February 6, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Charles H. Curtis is a Buffalo visitor this week.

—L. J. Lilley of Duke Center, Pa., was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

—V. B. Bolton of New Kensington, Pa., is reported to be seriously ill.

—Misses Beatrice and Bernice Terry were visitors in Olean Thursday.

—Miss Gladys DeHaas, Iva Holder and Mrs. T. Smith were Olean visitors Saturday.

—You need not go barefooted if you will read Monheimer's ad in today's MINER.

—Born to Mr and Mrs. Alex Clarke of Charleston, W. Va., Sunday, February 2, a son.

—Mrs. Sheridan Gorton has been confined to the house for the past two weeks by illness.

—John O'Reilly of Pittsburgh, who has been visiting his mother has returned to his home.

—Mrs. M. C. Barker is spending several days in Buffalo attending the millinery openings.

—Mrs. Charles Pratt is confined to her home in East Smethport suffering with influenza.

—Mrs. H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett spent the week-end at the home of her father, H. M. Choate.

—Mrs. Frances Sears of Binghamton, N. Y., arrived to-day for a visit with Mrs. E. H. McCandless.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton left last evening for New York City.

—Miss Marie O'Brien entertained a party of young ladies at her home last evening in honor of Miss Rita Gorton, a bride elect. Elegant refreshments were served and Miss Gorton received many beautiful as well as useful gifts

—Rev. G. A. Young will preach next Sunday at 10:30 o'clock in the morning and 7:30 in the evening at the Swedish Mission church. All Swedish people are urged to attend and hear this fine speaker.

—Bernard Ball who has been stationed at Camp Lee, Va., has received his honorable discharge and returned to his home in this place Tuesday. Mr. Ball will again take his position at the Holmes & Gilfilan office.

—The subject of the sermon at the morning service at the M. E. Church will be "The Stewardship of Life."

Rev and Mrs. Charles McCoy, of Providence, R. I., arrived in Smethport Saturday and are guests of Rev. Mc Coy's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Mrs. Margaret O'Reilly entertained Mr. and Mrs. James McKean at a six o'clock dinner, Wednesday evening. The occasion being the eve of their fiftieth anniversary. Mrs. McKean was presented with a bouquet of bridal roses.

—Word has been received from Washington that "the war department has absolutely nothing to indicate the early return of the 28th division. It still remains a part of the army of occupation and it is expected to remain overseas until peace is signed or the American units are finally withdrawn."

—Charles McKean, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McKean, of Marvin Creek, spent a short furlough at his home during the past week. Charles was wounded in the ankle during the fighting in northern France, and the injury is being treated at the military hospital at Carlisle, Pa. He has returned to that place.

A dog supposedly suffering with rabies attacked a horse belonging to T. H. Mumford of Colegrove while the man was driving it about the farm. Mr. Mumford threw stones at the dog and finally managed to chase it away. The dog was afterwards shot by a man at Crosby, where it is said to have bitten a pig.

—H. H. Burdick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick of this borough is continuing his four years course in Engineering at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science. Having obtained, as a member of the Students Army Training Corps at Tech during the fall quarter a good idea of what technical training means, Mr. Burdick decided to finish his course.

—Mercantile Appraiser Albert Peterson arrived in Smethpot yesterday morning and immediately started upon the discharge of his duties. Mr. Peterson informed the MINER that he will cover this territory which includes Farmers Valley, Coryville, Clemon and Colegrove and in fact all small towns in this vicinity. It would be a great help to Mr. Peterson if business men would see that the blanks with which they have been provided are properly made out before his arrival. This is an important matter and as the appraiser is liable to put in an appearance any day, should be attended to at once.

See what the Lindholm Grocery has to offer in a new advertisement today.

Masser Bros. Co.'s advertisement today is worth the attention of careful buyers.

—The Bisett Shops has a new advertisement to-day of particular interest to ladies.

—Raymond Elliott of Honesdale returned to his home Tuesday after a visit with friends in this place.

—Mrs. Frank Potter was called to Kane yesterday morning by the illness of her mother Mrs. A. Fowler.

—L. E. Schoonmaker of East Smethport has been ill for the past week. He has been in the hospital at Austin.

—Edward Carl of this place has received his honorable discharge from the United States Army and returned here yesterday.

—Captain W. A. Ostrander of the U. S. Medical Corps is visiting his home here. He will return to his duties Saturday.

The sophomores and freshmen of the high school gave a party to the Seniors and juniors at the school house last night. An enjoyable evening was the result.

Earl McCarthy, who was wounded in the service, and reached this country a few days ago, came home yesterday, called here by the death of his father, Chris. McCarthy.

—The cheering news was made public yesterday that the condition of Mrs. B. T. Galick, who has been critically ill was improved and that her ultimate recovery is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp left for Huntington, W. Va., yesterday where Mr. Camp will transact business, after which they will leave for California where they will spend a month.

Mrs. Geo. H. Denning entertained the Victory bridge club Monday night

St. Priscilla's Guild enjoyed a social meeting Monday night. Mrs. Raymond Day, Miss Edith Young and Miss Hattie Walker were hostesses.

Miss Pearl Ness of Smethport and Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

Arthur Mahoney has received honorable discharge from the U. S. Navy and is now at his home in this place. Arthur enlisted [illegible] navy. We welcome home a wife who was a New Orleans young lady while he married a short time ago.

Clifford Holmes of Bradford, aged 22 years, was arrested in that city last Thursday on complaint of his mother who charged the young man with assault and battery. It is alleged that Holmes got drunk in Olean, came home and started a rough house greatly to the demoralization of the furniture and also beat his mother. He was brought to jail here Friday to await trial.

C. M. Benson of Colegrove while in town made the MINER office a call and informed us that his son, Hans Benson, who lost an arm in the service while fighting in France, had returned to his duties in the army after a nine days' furlough spent with relatives. He expects to attend a school in Washington, D. C., established by the government for men maimed in the service, for several months before he is mustered out. Aside from the loss of his arm Sergeant Benson is in fine physical condition.

BOROUGH COUNCIL MEETING.

Street Lights Must be Turned Off During Day Time.

A regular meeting of the Borough Council was called to order on Monday evening, February 3, 1919 by the President, C. M. Colegrove.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read and on motion of Hackett and Hopper, ordered paid:

Leo L. Herzog, care of dam to Feb. 10 1919	$20.00
C. R. Dickinson, Police and Health officer, Feb. 1, 1919,	$130.00
Fred A. Herriman, Special Police, Jan.	$24.00
John J. Hallstrom, street com.:	$75.00
L. D. Gifford Labor,	$4.50
H. C. Wells, Disinfectants	2.00
M. H. Kelly, freight and hlg.	2.39
F. H. Biever, auditor	10.00
J. A. Karlen, auditor,	10.00
F. J. Masser, auditor,	10.00
Smethport Garage Co. Grease etc.	5.10
Edgar W. Strong, Plumbing	.30
McKean Democrat, Pub. Auditor's report etc.	21.05
Thos. H. Morrison, Solicitor for January	12.50
Everett Stover, Return of Board of Health fine,	10.00
L. L. Herzog, care of dam to March 10, 1919,	10.00

Treasurer Lemmler reports a balance on hand of $1879.78 and $1.95 his commission on Foreign Insurance.

Auditors Report read and on motion of Lindholm and Hackett the same was accepted and ordered spread in full in the minutes.

Bond of Charles Lemmler, treasurer in $10,000 with Hamlin Bank and Trust Co. as surety, and on motion of Hopper and Lindholm was accepted and ordered placed on file.

Resignation of J. H. Herriman as a member of the Board of Health was read and on motion of Hopper and Hackett was accepted

The President appointed R. E. Burdick a member of the Board of Health in place of J. H. Herriman, resigned, and Thos. H. Morrison as a member for 5 years.

Members of Board of Health: Thos. H. Morrison, 5 years; T. F. Hungiville 4 years; E. W. Jones, 3 years; R. E. Burdick, 2 years; Dr. H. L. McCoy 1 year.

The President appointed the following committee; Sidewalks, B. T. Garlick and W. B. Hopper; Streets, Claude Hackett and J. A. Lindholm; Sewers, W. H. Hungerford and J. S. Hull.

Notice of the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association of Boroughs to be held in Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 25 and 26th, 1919 read.

A communication from the Smethport Gas Co., asking that all street lights be turned off during the daytime was read, and the President requested the Street Commissioner to notify persons in front of whose premises lights were, to see that the request be carried out.

On motion of Hackett and Hopper meeting was adjourned at 9:10 o'clock p. m.

BUFFALO MAN WILL SPEAK IN SMETHPORT, ON SUNDAY

Mr. M. M. Sanderson, former National Vice-president of the Gideons, will speak at the Baptist church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock; also at the Methodist church to a Union service in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. He will speak to the men in the jail in the afternoon.

Mr. Sanderson is President and Manager of the Warren Lubricating Company, among the large business concerns of Buffalo. He served the Gideons in the U. S. in the State of New York [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Sanderson has spoken in Cole Mr. and needs only [illegible] the room.

"Hitting the high spots" is the theme of Mr. M. Sanderson's talk at the Star Theatre Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m.

Sanderson is a Commercial Traveling man and former Vice President of Gideons. All invited. Admission free.

TO RENT.

4 furnished rooms, laundry and bath

adv3tf MISS AMANDA SASSE.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are every ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.

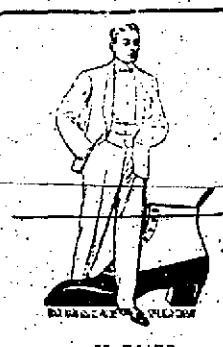
advtf.

Ravages of Age.

As a man grows older he becomes more like a second-hand machine and finds it harder to keep himself in repair.—Atchison Globe.

Would Have Welcomed One More.

Little Lola had received a large doll on her birthday. Being asked how she liked it she answered: "Oh, pretty well, but I was in hopes it would be twins."



55 PAIRS of WALK OVER Button Shoes ....WILL BE SOLD AT $3.85.... WORTH $7.50.

Not more than one pair to each customer. If you have worn WALKOVER SHOES we need not tell you how good they are, you know they are. To those who haven't worn Walk Over we say—you have Never worn better shoes.

A NEW PAIR FREE.

If any Walk overs fail to give satisfaction.

Your size is here.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

THE FRY COMPANY

COATS

Your choice of Ladies Misses and Children's Coats.

One-Half Price.

One $20.50 Black Melton, size 20, Sale Price	$13.25
One $21.50 Brown Cheviot, size 40, Sale Price	10.75
One $16.50 Green Plaid, size 16, Sale Price	8.25
One $21.50 Brown Cloth, size 38, Sale Price	10.75
One $26.50 Brown Velvet, size 42, Sale Price	13.25
One $29.50 Brown Army Cloth, size 15, Sale Price	14.75
One $15.50 brown Zebelin, size 15,	7.75
One $9.00 Brown Corduroy, size 3,	4.50
One $14.50 Brown Zebelins, size 12,	7.25
One $12.00 Taupe Plush, size 11, Sale Price	6.00
One $11.50 Black Zebeline, size 9, Sale Price	5.75
One $11.00 Mixed Velvet Corduroy, size 14, Sale Price	5.50
One $15.50 Dark Red kebeline, size 14, Sale Price	7.75

The Family Cream Separator

The entire family will appreciate the wonderful Sharples Separator, which skims clean at *all* speeds. The womenfolks or the children can turn it as slow as they please and still get *all* the cream. And you, yourself, when tired, can safely slacken down without any cream loss—a thing you could do with no other separator.

SHARPLES
Famous Suction-Feed
"Skims clean at any Speed"
SEPARATOR

—the *only* separator that will skim clean at widely-varying speeds
—the *only* separator that gives cream of unchanging thickness—all speeds
—the *only* separator that will skim your milk quicker when you turn faster
—the *only* separator with just *one* piece in the bowl—no discs, easiest to clean
—the *only* separator with knee-low supply tank and once-a-month oiling

Over a million Sharples users! Made and guaranteed practically forever by the oldest and greatest separator factory in America. Bring in the whole family, and we'll show you the *exclusive* advantages of this wonderful machine

CHAS. W. MASSER

Genuine Sharples repairs and oils carried in stock

E&19

EFFICIENT PROTECTION

At no greater cost to your estate than if employing an individual, you can secure for the protection of your heirs a guardian which

is always at its place of business.
is never on a vacation.
will not move from the city.
is not subject to illness.
will not grow old and feeble.
will not die.

See your lawyer.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pa.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

The Miner $2 per year

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

"I guess, too, he couldn't bear the idee of layin' down fer his las' sleep beside that hell hole he'd dug fer Kate—no, sir!

"Wal, ye know, mister, I jes' shook my head an' never let on that I knew what he meant an' let him wiggle an' twist like a worm on a hot griddle, an' beller like a cut bull 'til he fell back in a swoon.

"Damn him! It don't give him no rest. He tries to tell everybody he sees—that's what they say. He bellers day an' night an' if you go down there he'll beller to you an' you'll know what it's about, but the others don't.

"You an' me are the only ones that knows the secret, I guess. Some day 'fore he dies, I'm goin' to take up that headstun an' hide it, but he'll never know it's done—no, sir—not 'til he gits to the judgment seat, anyway."

The old man rose and straightened himself and blew out his breath and brushed his hands upon his trousers by way of stepping down into this world again out of the close and dusty loft of his memory. But I called him back.

"What has become of Enoch?" I asked.

"Wal, sir, Enoch started off West 'bout three year ago an' we ain't heard a word from him since that day—nary a word, mister. I suppose we will some time. He grew into a good man, but there was a kind of a queer streak in the blood, as ye might say, on both sides kind o'. We've wrote letters out to Wisconsin, where he was pintin' for, an' to places on the way, but we can't git no news 'bout him. Mebbe he was killed by the Injuns."

We walked out of the graveyard together in silence.

I could see a glimmer of a light in the thicket of pines down the valley. I unhitched and mounted my horse.

"Take the first turn to the right," said the old man as he picked up his scythe.

"I'm very much obliged to you," I said.

"No ye ain't, mister," he answered. "Leastways there ain't no reason why ye should be."

My horse bounded as even to find the end of the road, leaped the stone mud in a moment or two we were down under the pine woods that surrounded the house of old Squire Fullerton—a big stone house with a gravelled road around it. A great black dog came barking and growling at me from the front porch. I rode around the house and beneath. Beyond the window I could see the gleam of candlelight and native figures. A man came out of the back door as I neared it.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"My name is Barton Baynes from St. Lawrence county. Kate Fullerton is my friend and I wish to see her."

"Come in to the steps, sor. Don't git off yer horse 'till I've chained the dog. Kate'll be out in a minute."

He chained the dog to the hitching post and as he did so a loud, long, wailing cry broke the silence of the house. It put me in mind of the complaint of the damned which I remembered hearing the minister describe years before at the little schoolhouse in Licklysplit. How it harrowed me!

The man went into the house. Soon he came out of the door with a lighted candle in his hand, a woman following. How vividly I remember the little murmur of delight that came from her lips when he held the candle so that its light fell upon my face! I jumped off my horse and gave the reins to the man and put my arms around the poor woman, whom I loved for her sorrows and for my debt to her, and rained kisses upon her withered cheek. Oh, God! what a moment it was for both of us!

The way she held me to her breast and patted my shoulder and said "my boy!"—in a low, faint, treble voice so like that of a child—it is one of the best memories that I take with me into the new life now so near, from which there is no returning.

She led me into the house. She looked very neat now—in a black gown over which was a spotless white apron and collar of lace—and much more slender than when I had seen her last. She took me into a large room in the front of the house with a carpet and furniture, handsome once but now worn and decrepit. Old, time-stained engravings of scenes from the Bible, framed in wood, hung on the walls.

I told all that I had heard from home and of my life in Cobleskill but observed, presently, a faraway look in her eyes and judged that she was not hearing me. She whispered:

"Sally?"

"She has been at school in Albany for a year," I said. "She is at home now and I am going to see her."

"You love Sally?" she whispered.

"Better than I love my life."

Again she whispered: "Get married!"

"We hope to in 1844. I have agreed to meet her by the big pine tree on the river bank at eleven o'clock the third of June, 1844. We are looking forward to that day."

A tall, slim woman entered the room then and said that supper was ready. Kate rose with a smile and I followed her into the dining room where two tables were spread. One had certain dishes on it and a white cover, frayed and worn. She led me to the other table which was neatly covered with snowy linen. The tall woman served a supper on deep blue china, cooked as only they could cook in old New England. Meanwhile I could hear the voice of the aged squire—a weird, empty, inhuman voice it was, utterly cut off from his intelligence. It came out of the troubled depths of his misery.

So that house—the scene of his great sin which would presently lie down with him in the dust—was flooded, a hundred times a day, by the unhappy spirit of its master. In the dead of the night I heard its despair echoing through the silent chambers.

Kate said little as we ate, or as we sat together in the shabby, great room after supper, but she seemed to enjoy my talk and I went into the details of my personal history.

The look on her face, even while I was speaking, indicated that her thoughts wandered, restlessly, in the gloomy desert of her past. I thought of that gay, birdlike youth of hers of which the old man with the scythe had told me, and wondered. As I was thinking of this there came a cry from the aged squire so loud and doleful that it startled me and I turned and looked toward the open door.

Kate rose and came to my side and leaned toward my ear whispering:

"It is my father. He is always thinking of when I was a girl. He wants me."

She bade me good night and left the room. Doubtless it was the outraged, departed spirit of that golden time which was haunting the old squire. A Bible lay on the table near me and I sat reading it for an hour or so. A tall clock in a corner solemnly tolled the hour of nine. In came the tall woman and asked me in the brogue of the Irish:

"Would you like to go to bed?"

"Yes, I am tired."

She took a candle and led me up a broad oaken stairway and into a room

She Took a Candle and Led Me Up a Broad Oaken Stairway.

of the most generous proportions. A big four-post bedstead, draped in white, stood against a wall. The bed, sheeted in old linen, had quilted covers. The room was noticeably clean; its furniture of old mahogany and its carpet comparatively unworn.

When I undressed I dreaded to put out the candle. For the first time in years I had a kind of child-fear of the night. But I went to bed at last and slept rather fitfully, waking often when the cries of the old squire came floodling through the walls. How I longed for the light of the morning! It came at last and I rose and dressed and went out of doors.

Kate met me at the door when I went back into the house and kissed my cheek and again I heard those half-spoken words: "My boy." I ate my breakfast with her and when I was about to get into my saddle at the door I gave her a hug and, as she tenderly patted my cheek, a smile lighted her countenance so that it seemed to shine upon me. I have never forgotten its serenity and sweetness.

CHAPTER XVII.

I Start in a Long Way.

We reached Canton at six o'clock in the evening of a beautiful summer day. I went at once to call upon the Dunkelbergs and learned from a man at work in the dooryard that they had gone away for the summer. How keen was my disappointment! I went to the tavern and got my supper and then over to Asbury lane to see Michael Hacket and his family. I found the schoolmaster playing his violin.

"Now God be praised—here is Bart!" he exclaimed as he put down his instrument and took my hands in his. "I've heard, my boy, how bravely ye've weathered the capes an' I'm proud o' ye—that I am!"

I wondered what he meant for a second and then asked:

"How go these days with you?"

"Swift as the weaver's shuttle," he answered. "Sit you down, while I call the family. They're out in the kitchen putting the dishes away. Many hands make light labor."

They came quickly and gathered about me—a noisy, happy group. The younger children kissed me and sat on my knees and gave me the small news of the neighborhood.

How good were the look of those friendly faces and the full-hearted pleasure of the whole family at my coming!

"What a joy for the spare room!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Sure I wouldn't wonder if the old bed was dancin' on its four legs this very minute."

"I intend to walk up to the hills tonight," I said.

"Up to the hills!" he exclaimed merrily. "An' the Hackets lyin' awake thinkin' o' ye on the dark road!—Try it, boy, an' ye'll get a crack with the ruler and an hour after school. Yer aunt and uncle will be stronger to stand yer comin' wi' the night's rest upon them. Ye wouldn't be routin' them out o' bed an' they after a hard day with the hayin'! Then, my kind-hearted lad, ye must give a thought to Michael Henry. He's still alive an' stronger than ever—thank God!"

So, although I longed for those most dear to me up in the hills, I spent the night with the Hackets and the schoolmaster and I sat an hour together after the family had gone to bed.

"How are the Dunkelberg's?" I asked.

"Sunk in the soft embrace o' luxury," he answered. "Grimshaw made him; Grimshaw liked him. He was always ready to lick the boots o' Grimshaw. It turned out that Grimshaw left him an annuity of three thousand dollars, which he can enjoy as long as he observes one condition."

"What is that?"

"He must not let his daughter marry one Barton Baynes, late o' the town o' Ballybeen. How is that for spite, my boy? They say it's written down in the will."

I think that he must have seen the flame of color playing on my face, for he quickly added:

"Don't worry, lad. The will o' God is greater than the will o' Grimshaw. He made you two for each other and she will be true to ye, as true as the needle to the north star."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure I do. Didn't she as much as tell me that here in this room—not a week ago? She loves ye, boy, as true as God loves ye, an' she's a girl of a thousand."

"Why did they go away? Was it because I was coming?"

"I think it likely, my fine lad. The man heard o' it some way—perhaps through yer uncle. He's crazy for the money, but he'll get over that. Leave him to me. I've a fine course o' instruction ready for my lord o' Dunkelberg."

"I think I shall go and try to find her," I said.

"I am for counsel ye about that," said the schoolmaster. "She's as 'cute as a brier-tailed fox! She says, 'Keep away. Don't alarm him, or he'll bundle us off to Europe for two or three years.'

"So there's the trail ye travel, my boy. It's the one that keeps away. Don't let him think ye've anything up the sleeve o' yer mind. Ah, my lad, I know the heart o' youth! 'Tis like to be pullin' yer arms around her—wouldn't ye now? Sure, there's time enough! Ye're in the old treadmill o' God—the both o' ye! Ye're bein' weighed an' tried for the great prize. It's not pleasant, but it's better so. Go on, now, an' do yer best an' whatever comes take it like a man."

A little silence followed. He broke it with these words:

"Ye're done with that business in Cobleskill, an' I'm glad. Ye didn't know ye were bein' tried there—did ye? Ye've stood it like a man. What will ye be doin' now?"

"I'd like to go to Washington with the senator."

He laughed heartily.

"I was hopin' ye'd say that," he went on. "Well, boy, I think it can be arranged. I'll see the senator as soon as ever he comes an' I believe he'll be glad to know o' yer wishes. I think he's been hopin', like, that ye would propose it. Go up to the farm and spend a happy month or two with yer aunt an' uncle. It'll do ye good. Ye've been growin' plump down there. Go an' melt it off in the fields."

A little more talk and we were off to bed with our candles.

Next morning I went down into the main street of the village before leaving for home. I wanted to see how it looked and, to be quite frank, I wanted some of the people of Canton to see how I looked, for my clothes were of the best cloth and cut in the latest fashion. Many stopped me and shook my hand—men and women who had never noticed me before, but there was a quality in their smiles that I didn't quite enjoy. I know now that they thought me a little too grand on the outside. What a stern-souled lot those Yankees were! "All ain't gold that glitters." How often I had heard that version of the old motto!

"Why, you look like the senator when he is just gittin' home from the capital," said Mr. Jenison.

They were not yet willing to take me at the par of my appearance.

I met Betsy Price—one of my schoolmates—on the street. She was very cordial and told me that the Dunkelbergs had gone to Saratoga.

"I got a letter from Sally this morning," Betsy went on. "She said that young Mr. Latour was at the same hotel and that he and her father were good friends."

I wonder if she really enjoyed sticking this thorn into my flesh—a thorn which made it difficult for me to follow the advice of the schoolmaster and robbed me of the little peace I might have enjoyed. My faith in Sally wavered up and down until it settled at its wonted level and reassured me.

It was a perfect summer morning and I enjoyed my walk over the familiar road and up into the hill country. The birds seemed to sing a welcome to me. Men and boys I had known waved their hats in the haylields and looked at me. There are few pleasures in this world like that of a boy getting home after a long absence.

My heart beat fast when I saw the house and my uncle and Purvis coming in from the twenty-acre lot with a load of hay. Aunt Deel stood on the front steps looking down the road. Now and then her waving handkerchief went to her eyes. Uncle Peabody came down the standard off his load and walked toward me.

"Say, stranger, have you seen anything of a feller by the name o' Bart Baynes?" he demanded.

"Have you?" I asked.

"No, sir, I ain't. Gosh a'mighty! Say! what have ye done with that boy of our'n?"

"What have you done to our house?" I asked again.

"Built on an addition."

"That's what I've done to your boy," I answered.

"Thunder an' lightnin'! How you've raised the roof!" he exclaimed as he

"Thunder an' Lightnin'! How You've Raised the Roof!"

grabbed my satchel. Dressed like a statesman an' bigger'n a bullmoose, I can't rastle with you no more. But, say, I'll run ye a race. I can beat ye an' carry the satchel, too."

We ran pell-mell up the lane to the steps like a pair of children.

Aunt Deel did not speak. She just put her arms around my neck and laid her dear old head on my breast. Uncle Peabody turned away. Then what a silence! Off in the edge of the woodland I heard the fairy flute of a wood-thrush.

"Purvis, you drive that load on the floor an' put up the horses," Uncle Peabody shouted in a moment. "If you don't like it you can hire 'nother man. I won't do no more till after dinner. This slave business is played out."

"All right," Purvis answered. "You bet it's all right. I'm for abolition an' I've stood your domineerin', nigger-driver ways long enough fer one mornin'. If you don't like it you can look for another man."

Aunt Deel and I began to laugh at this good-natured, make-believe scolding of Uncle Peabody and the emotional strain was over. They led me into the house, where a delightful surprise awaited me, for the rooms had been decorated with balsam boughs and sweet ferns. A glowing mass of violets, framed in moss, occupied the center of the table. The house was filled with the odors of the forest, which, as they knew, were dear to me. I had written that they might expect me some time before noon, but I begged them not to meet me in Canton, as I wished to walk home after my long ride. So they were ready for me.

I remember how they felt the cloth on my back and how proudly they surveyed it.

"Couldn't buy them goods 'round these parts," said Uncle Peabody. "Nor nothin' like 'em—no, sir."

"Feels a leetle bit like the butternut trousers," said Aunt Deel as she felt my coat.

"Ayes, but them butternut trousers ain't what they used to be when they was young and limber," Uncle Peabody remarked. "Seems so they was gettin' kind o' wrinkled an' baldheaded-like, 'specially where I set down."

"Ayes! Wal I guess a man can't grow old without his pants growin' old, too—ayes!" said Aunt Deel.

"If yer legs are in 'em ev'ry Sunday they ketch it of ye," my uncle answered. "Long sermons are hard on pants, seems to me."

"An', the longer the legs the harder the sermons—in them little seats over 't the schoolhouse—ayes!" Aunt Deel added by way of justifying his complaint. "There wouldn't be so much wear in a ten-mile walk—no!"

The chicken pie was baking and the strawberries were ready for the shortcake.

"I've been wallerin' since the dew was off gittin' them berries an' violets—ayes!" said Aunt Deel, now busy with her work at the stove.

"Aunt, you look as young as ever," I remarked.

She slapped my arm and said with mock severity:

"Stop that! Why! You know better—ayes!"

How vigorously she stirred the fire then.

"I can't return the compliment—my soul! how you've changed—ayes!" she remarked.

"I hope you ain't fit no more, Bart. I can't bear to think o' you flyin' at folks an' poundin' 'em. Don't seem right—no, it don't!"

"Why, Aunt Deel, what in the world do you mean?" I asked.

"It's Purvis' brain that does the poundin', I guess," said my uncle. "It's kind o' got the habit. It's a regular beetle brain. To hear him talk ye'd think he an' you could clean out the hull Mexican nation—barrin' accidents. Why, anybody would suppose that yer enemies go to climbin' trees as soon as they see ye comin' an' that you pull the trees up by the roots t git at 'em."

"A certain amount of such devilry is necessary to the comfort of Mr. Purvis," I remarked. "If there is nobody else to take the responsibility for it he assumes it himself. His imagination has an intense craving for blood and violence. It's that type of American who, egged on by the slave power, is hurrying us into trouble with Mexico."

Purvis came in presently with a look in his face which betrayed his knowledge of the fact that all the cob webs spun by his fancy were now to be brushed away. Still he enjoyed them while they lasted and there was a kind of tacit claim in his manner that they were subjects regarding which no honest man could be expected to tell the truth.

As we ate our dinner they told me that an escaped slave had come into a neighboring county and excited the people with stories of the auction block and of negroes driven like yoked oxen on plantations in South Carolina, whence he had escaped on a steamboat.

"I b'lieve I'm goin' to vote for abolition," said Uncle Peabody. "I wonder what Silé Wright will say to that."

"He'll probably advise against it; the time isn't ripe for so great a change," was my answer. "He thinks that the whole matter should be left to the glacial action of time's forces."

Indeed I had spoken the view of the sounder men of the North. The subject filled them with dread alarm. But the attitude of Uncle Peabody was significant. The sentiment in favor of a change was growing. It was now to be reckoned with, for the abolition party was said to hold the balance of power in New York and New England and was behaving itself like a bull in a china shop.

After dinner I tried to put on some of my old clothes, but found that my nakedness had so expanded that they would not cover it, so I hitched my white mare on the spring wagon and drove to the village for my trunk.

Every week day after that I applied in the field until the senator arrived in Canton about the middle of August. One of those long days I received a letter from Miss Kate, dated to my surprise, in Saratoga. It said:

"Dear Barton Baynes: I thought I would let you know that my mother is dead. I have come here to rest and have found some work to do. I am better now. Have seen Sally. She is very beautiful and kind. She does not know that I am the old witch I have changed so. The others do not know—it is better that way. I think it was the Lord that brought me here. He has a way of taking care of some people, my boy. Do you remember when I began to call you my boy—you were very little. It is long, long ago since I first saw you in your father's dooryard—you said you were going to mill on a butterfly's back. You looked just as I thought my boy would look. You gave me a kiss. What a wonderful gift it was to me then! I began to love you. I have no one else to think of now. I hope you won't mind my thinking so much of you.

"God bless you,

"KATE FULLERTON."

I understood now why the strong will and singular insight of this woman had so often exercised themselves in my behalf. I could not remember the fair day and the happy circumstance of which she spoke, but I wrote her a letter which must have warmed her heart I am sure.

Silas Wright arrived in Canton and drove up to our home. He reached our door at eight in the morning with his hound and rifle. He had aged rapidly since I had seen him last. His hair was almost white. There were many new lines in his face. He seemed more grave and dignified. He did not lapse into the dialect of his fathers when he spoke of the ancient pastimes of hunting and fishing as he had been wont to do.

"Bart," he said when the greetings were over, "let's you and me go and spend a day in the woods. I'll leave my man here to help your uncle while you're gone."

We went by driving south a few miles and tramping in to the foot of the stillwater on our river—a trail long familiar to me. The dog left us soon after we took it and began to range over thick wooded hills. We sat down among small, spirelike spruces at the river's edge with a long stretch of water in sight while the music of the hound's voice came faintly to our ears from the distant forest.

"Oh, I've been dreaming of this for a long time," said the senator as he leaned back against a tree and filled his lungs and looked out upon the water, green with lily pads along the edge and flecked with the last of the white blossoms. "I believe you want to leave this lovely country."

"I am waiting for the call to go," I said.

"Well, I'm inclined to think you are the kind of man who ought to go," he answered almost sadly. "You are needed. I have been waiting until we should meet to congratulate you on your behavior at Cobleskill. I think you have the right spirit—that is the all-important matter. You will encounter strange company in the game of politics. Let me tell you a story."

He told me many stories of his life in Washington, interrupted by a sound like that of approaching footsteps. We ceased talking and presently a flock of partridges came near us, pacing along over the mat of leaves in a leisurely fashion. We sat perfectly still. A young cock bird with his beautiful ruff standing out, like the hair on the back of a frightened dog, strode toward us with a comic threat in his manner. It seemed as if he were of half a mind to knock us into the river. But we sat as still as stumps and he spared us and went on with the others.

The baying of the hound was nearer now. Suddenly we saw a big buck come down to the shore of the cove near us and on our side of the stream. He looked to right and left. Then he made a long leap into the water and waded slowly until it covered him. He raised his nose and laid his antlers back over his shoulders and swam quietly downstream, his nose just showing above the water. His antlers were like a bit of driftwood. If we had not seen him take the water his antlers might easily have passed for a bunch of dead sticks. Soon the buck slowly lifted his head and turned his neck and looked at both shores. Then very deliberately he resumed his place under water and went on. We watched him as he took the farther shore below us and made off in the woods again.

"I couldn't shoot at him, it was such a beautiful bit of politics," said the senator.

Soon the hound reached the cove's edge and swam the river and ranged up and down the bank for half an hour before he found the buck's trail again.

"I've seen many a rascal, driven to water by the hounds, go swimming away as sisly as that buck, with their horns in the air, looking as innocent as a bit of driftwood. They come in from both shores—the Whig and the Democratic—and they are always shot at from one bank or the other."

I remember it surprised me a little to hear him say that they came in from both shores.

"Just what do you want to do?" he asked presently.

"I should like to go down to Washington with you and help you in any way that I can."

"All right, partner—we'll try it," he answered gravely. "I hope that I don't forget and work you as hard as I work myself. It wouldn't be decent. I have a great many letters to write. I'll try thinking out loud while you take them down in shorthand. Then you can digest them neatly and I'll sign them. You have fine and good manners and heard many of my errands for me and save me from those who have no good reason for taking up my time."

"You will meet the best people and the worst. There's just a chance that it may come to something worth while—who knows? You are young yet. It will be good training and you will witness the making of some history now and then."

What elation I felt!

Again the voice of the hound, which had been clinging to the distant hills, was coming nearer.

"We must keep watch—another deer is coming," said the senator.

We had only a moment's watch before a fine yearling buck came down to the opposite shore and stood looking across the river. The senator raised his rifle and fired. The buck fell in the edge of the water.

"How shall we get him?" my friend asked.

"It will not be difficult," I answered as I began to undress. Nothing was difficult those days.

I swam the river and towed the buck across with a beech withe in his gambrel joints. The hound joined me before I was half across with my burden and nosed the carcass and swam on ahead yelping with delight.

We dressed the deer and then I had the great joy of carrying him on my back two miles across the country to the wagon. The senator wished to send a guide for the deer, but I insisted that the carrying was my privilege.

"Well, I guess your big thighs and broad shoulders can stand it," said he.

"My uncle has always said that no man could be called a hunter until he can go into the woods without a guide and kill a deer and bring it out on his back. I want to be able to testify that I am at least partly qualified."

"Your uncle didn't say anything about fetching the deer across a deep river without a boat, did he?" Mr. Wright asked me with a smile.

Leaves of the beeches, maples and basswoods—yellowed by frost—hung like tiny lanterns, glowing with noonday light, above the dim forest aisle which we traveled.

The sun was down when we got to the clearing.

"What a day it has been!" said Mr. Wright when we were seated in the wagon.

"One of the best in my life," I answered with a joy in my heart the like of which I have rarely known in these many years that have come to me.

We rode on in silence with the calls of the swamp robin and the hermit thrush ringing in our ears as the night fell.

"It's a good time to think, and there we take different roads," said my friend. "You will turn into the future and I into the past."

"I've been thinking about your uncle," he said by and by. "He is one of the greatest men I have ever known. You knew of that foolish gossip about him—didn't you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, now, he's gone about his business the same as ever and showed by his life that it couldn't be true. Not a word out of him. But Dave Ramsey fell sick—down on the flat last winter. By and by his children were crying for bread and the poormaster was going to take charge of them. Well, who should turn up there, just in the nick of time, but Delia and Peabody Baynes. They fed those children all winter and kept them in clothes so that they could go to school. The strange thing about it is this: It was Dave Ramsey who really started that story. He got up in church the other night and confessed his crime. His conscience wouldn't let him keep it. He said that he had not seen Peabody Baynes on that road the day the money was lost but had only heard that he was there. He knew now that he couldn't have been there. Gosh t'almighty! as your uncle used to say when there was nothing else to be said."

It touched me to the soul—this long-delayed vindication of my beloved Uncle Peabody.

The senator ate supper with us and sent his hired man out for his horse and buggy. When he had put on his overcoat and was about to go he turned to my uncle and said:

"Peabody Baynes, if I have had any success in the world it is because I have had the exalted honor and consciousness that I represented men like you."

He left us and we sat down by the glowing candles. Soon I told them what Ramsey had done. There was a moment of silence. Uncle Peabody rose and went to the water pail for a drink.

"Bart, I believe I'll plant corn on that ten-acre lot next spring—darned if I don't," he said as he returned to his chair.

None of us ever spoke of the matter again, to my knowledge.

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KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE

Legend of Sir Galahad and the "Holy Graal" as Recorded by English Writer.

Sir Galahad of Tennyson's "The Holy Graal," was the noblest and purest knight of the Round Table. The title was invented by Walter Map in the "Quest of the Grail." Morley, in his "English Writers," says Sir Galahad was the son of Maje's L'Ancelot and Elaine. The son and namesake of Joseph of Arimathea, Bishop Joseph, to whom the holy dish was bequeathed, first instituted the Order of the Round Table. The initiated at their festivals sat as apostle knights round the table, with the Holy Graal in the midst, leaving one seat vacant as that which the Lord had occupied and which was reserved for a descendant of Joseph, named Galahad. Whatever man else attempted to sit in the place of Galahad the earth swallowed. It was called therefore the Siege (seat) Perilous. When men became sinful, the Holy Graal, visible only to pure eyes, disappeared. On its recovery depended the honor and peace of England, but only Sir Galahad, who was at the appointed time brought to the knights by a mysterious old man clothed in white, and placed in the Siege Perilous—only the pure Sir Galahad succeeded in the quest.

Gulls as Human Food.

"The flesh of gulls," says one of the best-known cyclopedias, "is rank and coarse." So it is. You have only to shoot a gull and cook it to find this is the case, and that as a dinner dish it is a complete failure.

Yet in Iceland gull flesh is one of the principal winter foods of the people. There, in early summer, when the cliffs swarm with nesting gulls, parties are organized and men are let down over the lofty precipices by ropes. They catch young gulls, which are as fat as butter, and send them up to the top in sacks. The moment they reach the top the birds are skinned. A great caldron of boiling water is ready and into this the bodies are dipped and held for a few seconds. This completely does away with the fishy taste and the birds are then taken home and hung in smoke until they are thoroughly dried.

When winter comes they are cooked and eaten, and are as delicate as any chicken or game bird, but far more fat and nourishing.

THE ORANGE CYPRIA

A Story of Lincoln

By Olive Harper

CANNONS were booming down the valley and at intervals there was the sharp rattle of musketry. Bodies of soldiers, some in blue and some in gray, were seen in places along the valley's torn broken ground, but they were all far from the little rain-washed crevice on the side of the mountain where an old negro stood, scanning the distant scene as well as his half-blind eyes would permit. After looking he would return to the furthest end of the crevice.

"Is de fittin' all over yit, so's we kin go 'long, Lonzo?"

"I reckon hit 'll never git done," said the old man, nodding his head to the frightened woman, who crouched down into the smallest possible space.

It was no wonder she was afraid for the war had swept away the last member of her old master's family. And nothing remained of the fine plantation and home but blackened chimneys, for the tide of war had swept back and forth over it until all was gone.

Alonzo went to the edge of the little rift in the mountainside and looked down the valley, but his bleared eyes were filled with tears he dared not shed, and his broad chest heaved with the sobs he held in check. Finally he cleared his throat with a mighty effort and said:

"I reckon we might git along de rocks an' climb, but we ain't never erect nothin' else to do gully 'n' we reach de mersh. Mebbe we kin 'a fahmer what'll give us a bite an' let us sleep in hees barn. Come."

With many groans the woman rose to her feet, grieving with weakness for since the sweeping away of her master's family, the destruction of the plantation and the death of their children these two had suffered terribly from privation. For the last three days they had lived entirely upon wild fruit. But they struggled onward toward Washington, where in their simple hearts they believed the good, the tender, the human Lincoln would make them welcome.

They had their Sunday garments in little bundles, and in her bosom carefully wrapped from injury or contamination was an orange cypria. Its rich colors and beautiful form and so charmed her that her young mistress whom she had loved and nursed with the unselfish devotion of a dog, gave it her. She held it in her hands the night she died and when Lurceny had asked if it were not very precious the dying girl said:

"Yes, Lurceny, it is precious, very precious. Cousin Godfrey brought it to me, and he has gone where I shall soon follow. Never part with it so long as you live, and when you die give it to the best person you know."

"Is de Fittin' All Over Yit?"

Then she kissed the cypria. In that moment her eyes closed, and her last sigh drifted into the beautiful shell. Now, Lurceny was going to give this precious thing to her hero, the compassionate Lincoln. Who but he was worthy of this gift over which had swept the pure breath of the maiden who died of a broken heart? Sometimes Lurceny put the shell to her ear and the soft breath of her young mistress seemed to be sighing inside.

Days the poor old couple journeyed on, weary and disappointed that the way was so interminable. At last they reached a height from which they could see in the distance the goal of their efforts, the city of Washington. They both lifted their hands in joy and thankfulness. It was more beautiful than they had dreamed.

"Oh, Lonzo, it is like the new Jerusalem. But I'se too plum tuckered out to go on tonight. We'll eat a snack an' den set hyar till daylight, and den put on our store clothes an' go on. What ye reckon Mass' Linkum 'll say?"

"I dunno, but I reckon he'll be mighty kin', speshully w'en he hurr all 'bout us. You lean back agin the rocks an' I'll rub'er you up wid out bo' clothes."

The feeble eyes of the old man were clear enough to see that Lurceny was very weak and weary. She replied:

"You hasn't got a bit o' sense. But, I doz feel kinder chillin'. 'Pears like sumpin in hyar is plum wore out, dess like a ole clock mos' run down. And, if we tu'n 'em inside out—"

Lurceny felt strangely weak and cold. A chill such as she had never felt before benumbed her by degrees. So strange did she feel that she called her husband.

"Lonzo, I is awful col'. I reckon I's gwine ter die right now, in sight of de promise' lan'. 'Lonzo, ef dat is so, I want you to take dis yere o'inge cipperus to Mass' Linkum, an' tell him to keep it till de longes' day he liye, and den give it to de bes' pusson he know, an' tell him 'bout de chillun, an' dat I axed him to befrien' you. You've been a good man to me, 'Lonzo—"

Here the husky voice broke off and Alonzo was alone.

Who could depict the grief and anguish of the poor old man as he sat that long night through beside the dead form of his wife? In the morning some other refugees came along and helped him to bury her wrapped carefully in her store clothes.

Then Alonzo started on his mission. Days of misery, anxiety, hunger, cold and rebuffs passed, but always the white head and wrinkled face haunted the crowds. He was not allowed to see the president.

At last, one day, worn out by his sufferings he sank at the foot of a tree just as the joyous voice of a child was heard. The boy was none other than Tad, the benjamin of his father's heart. Tad saw the poor old man vainly trying to rise and went to him frankly and fearlessly. Young as he was he saw that the old man was in a sad state and asked if he wanted anything.

"Yes, young massa, I wants to see Mass' Linkum. I done got sumpin berry precious fo' he all, but dey won't let me see him."

"Well, you come with me," said the lad with spirit.

Alonzo could scarcely totter to a place where the boy seated him on a bench saying:

"Wait here a minute. I'll bring him."

Tears streamed down the old man's face. He was weak from hunger and exposure, and the death of his wife was a great blow. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out the shell, and thinking that the cloth around it was too soiled he threw it away, and then—before him stood the tall form, with the rugged features of his face aglow with deep compassion that was part of his nature. The great man, great in all things, sat down by Alonzo saying pleasantly:

"Well, uncle, what is it?"

"Oh, Massa Linkum, praise de Lord dat I done liv to see dis day. Here is a gif' fo' you from Lurceny—my—wife. She died afo' she could gib hit herself. She say hit am berry precious, and she done hab to gib hit to de bes' pusson libbin'—and she was a chillin' fo' death when she gin' hit to me' fo' you."

Saying this Alonzo held out his toil-deformed hand with the beautiful shell gleaming in a ray of sunshine that filtered through the tree on his dark palm.

"I thank you for the gift, and she who is gone, but I do not feel that I deserve it."

"Oh, yes, you do, daddy. Yes, you do!" said Tad eagerly.

Then the homely face of Lincoln quivered and his eyes suddenly burned. Only Lincoln's great heart could understand the pathos of this gift and appreciate it. It was all the giver had. He coughed two or three times before he could speak.

"Tell me about yourself and where you came from."

Alonzo was a man of few words, but his tale was even the stronger for that, as he told of their sufferings on their way toward the realization of their hopes. As he finished, the old man fainted and sank to the ground. Kind hands raised him, fed him, and took him to a hospital where he ended his days in a comfort he had never known. His last words were: "Lord bless Mass' Linkum, and give him the desire of hees heart."

The orange cypria is in the Smithsonian institution, now with its mate, which was found in the pocket of a young Confederate officer. Few know its history or how it came into the possession of the best person in the world.

(©, 1919, Western Newspaper Union.)

Before Him Stood the Tall Form.

MODERN BUILDING FOR LOWLY SWINE

Clean, Comfortable Quarters for Hogs Worth While.

FARMER'S CHANCE NOW HERE

Removal of Government Restrictions Enables Him to Construct Buildings That Are Badly Needed.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

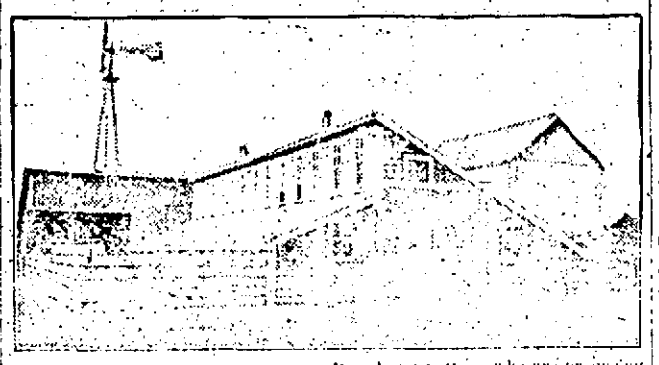
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose three-cent stamp for reply.

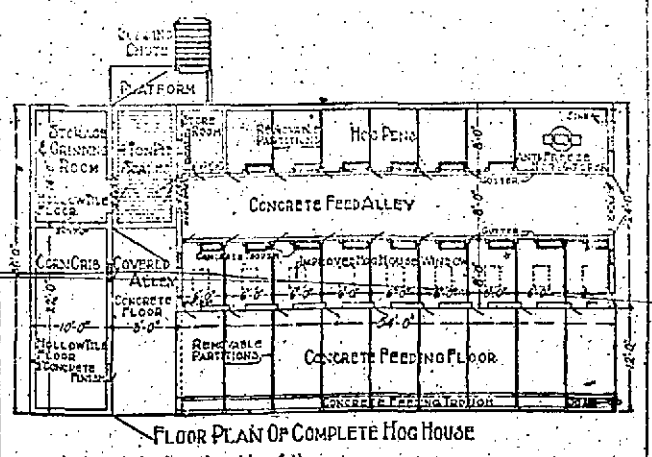
The farmer, who has been denied during the last two years the new buildings the expansion of his business has required, will hail with satisfaction his chance to put up that new barn, silo, horse barn, or cattle or hog house that he has needed for many months.

But during the time of his inactivity there have been rapid strides made in designing commodious and sanitary farm buildings. One of the things that the modern idea of farm efficiency demands is that the hogs be housed in a building that can be kept clean and is so arranged that the swine can be cared for with the least amount of effort.

It may be trite to say it, but hogs are valuable property these days. A little more money spent on the hog house means fatter and healthier animals, and each additional pound is worth real money about the time snow flies and the hogs are marketed.

Herewith is shown a modern swine establishment, in which are embodied a cornerib, granary, feeding platform and scale house. The building is what is known as the saw-tooth hog house. While the floor plan shows the arrangement of these features, it might be explained a little more fully by a description of it.





FLOOR PLAN OF COMPLETE HOG HOUSE

Room for Eighteen Sows.

The hog house proper was laid out to accommodate eighteen sows; two stalls in one end were used to provide plenty of room around the water place and another stall in the other end for the scale box and small store room; so, as it is arranged now it contains fifteen usable stalls.

The ventilation is taken care of by two combination smoke stacks and ventilators in the roof and a slat ventilator built in the end above the door. This ventilator is fitted with a door on the inside, so that it can be closed tight when necessary. All the gates between the stalls are removable, so that one or more pens can be thrown together.

The feeding platform also can be used as outside yards by putting in the cross gates. Each six feet there is an angle iron bolted to the side of the house, which holds one end of a 2 by 4, the other end being fastened to the fence on the outside of the platform. The 2 by 4 acts as a brace to hold the fence rigid and also serves as a means of fastening the top of the gates. The lower part of the gate is held in place by 2 by 4 braces on the gates dropping into holes made to fit them in the concrete platform. In order to remove the gates it is only necessary to loosen two bolts and lift them out.

Scales Under Cover.

The scales are under cover in the passageway between the hog house and the granary and are fitted with a swinging gate at each end, one of them swinging inside so as not to interfere with the sliding door which closes the passageway up tight. This passageway is all under cover and makes a fine place in bad weather for grinding feed, etc. The gate at the outer end of the scales swings out and joins a small gate at the loading chute, making it handy to do the loading.

The sleeping pens, granary and corn crib are all floored with hollow tile with two inches of concrete over them. The corn crib and granary have studding sockets set in the concrete on top of the wall. The sills in the hog house are bolted down to the top of the foundation wall. There is a slat door between the corn crib and granary, so as to make it tight when the granary is full of small grain.

The roof is shingled with composition shingles and the siding is fir drop siding. Everything is of the best materials and is built in the best possible way. All the foundation walls are reinforced.

The floor of the hog house slopes to the center, so as to drain into the sewer which runs out under the feeding platform. The feeding platform slopes to the outside and also at one end. The feed trough also slopes and is tiled with a drain at one end.

All Fittings Are Modern.

The fittings of the house are modern in every respect. One of these is a waterer that will not freeze. Concrete floors and feeding troughs make it easy to keep the building clean, and cleanliness has been found to be a prime factor in the successful production of hogs.

This hog house is only one of the buildings that will be erected on the farms this year that contains many up-to-date features in construction and equipment.

There is a growing demand among the farmers for these modern buildings, because those who are producing food for this country and for a considerable portion of the rest of the world now realize that their time is worth money and everything that saves even a few steps a day is worth while. At the end of the year this worth-whileness is shown by the balance on the right side of the ledger after the season's crops have been marketed and the livestock sold.

GREATEST OF ALL ASSETS

World's Vast Store of Gathered Knowledge Has Not Been Destroyed by the War.

At the one hundred and sixty-fifth session of the Royal Society of Arts the chairman of the council, Mr. Alan A. Campbell Swinton, F. R. S., in an address on "Science and the Future," said that undoubtedly the war had been responsible for an enormous amount of destruction of capital, but when those losses were estimated it was not usually borne in mind that capital did not merely consist of gold and silver, bricks and mortar, furniture and fitments, or even of railways, steamships and machinery, but that the main capital of the modern world consisted of scientific knowledge. The reconstruction of the material things now temporarily destroyed would take only a very small fraction of the labor and time expended when men learned how to bring those things about. When we compiled estimates of losses due to the war we must not forget that our greatest asset, the vast store of knowledge that had been gathered together, was still intact. In the future, if the industries of this country were to flourish in the face of the world's competition, it was above all things necessary that research should play a greater part in them than it had in the past. The modern world had no room for antiquated and unscientific methods.

Peculiar Violin.

Abram Moses, a violinist of Baltimore, is the possessor of what might be called a barometric violin. Some time after Mr. Moses bought it, he noticed that at certain times it exhaled a strange and subtle fragrance, like an aroma of Oriental incense. Later he observed that this fragrance was noticeable only when the weather was about to become damp. He of

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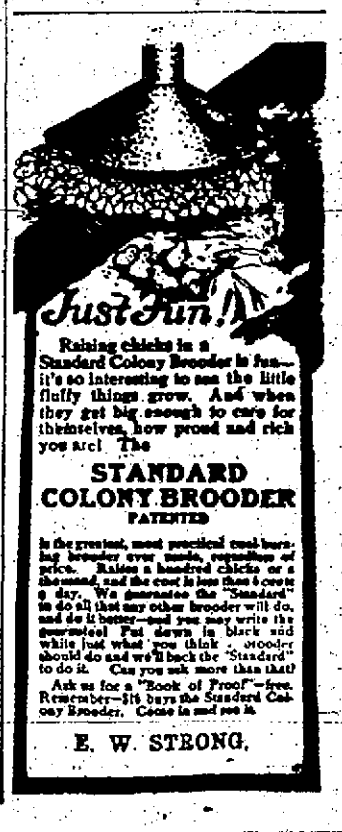
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Raising chicks in a Standard Colony Brooder is fun—it's so interesting to see the little fluffy things grow. And when they get big enough to care for themselves, how proud and rich you are! The
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FACTS!

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IT WILL PAY YOU IN REAL MONEY SAVED

MORRIS COHEN and P. W. WEINSTEIN

MAX SCHOOLAR'S OLD STAND

Corner Main and Franklin SMETHPORT, PA.

SERMON "OUR FALLEN CRUSADERS"

(Continued from page 1.)

He hides generous impulses and heroic traits in types of men that in our mean imagination we can only associate with mental things.

Only when war or pestilence have kindled their fierce and lurid flames do we find the hidden nobility that God has stored away in strange places—places often as foul and unlikely as those where a miser stores his gold. But our boys, coming from every walk in life, got the vision, and "over there" have have helped build a Road of Liberty along which all nations may pass to universal peace and brotherhood, and where the weak will be as safe from oppression as the strong.

It was to such a crusade that you gave your boy. Your sentiments have been wonderously spelled out in the inspiring poem, "A Mother's Answer."

"God gave my son in trust to me
Christ died for him. He should be
A man for Christ. He is his own—
And God's and man's not mine, alone
He was not mine to give. He gave
Himself that he might help to save
All that a Christian should revere.
All that enlightened men hold dear.
"To feed the guns." Ah! torpid soul.
Awake and see life as a whole.
When freedom, honor, justice, right
Were threatened by the despots might
He bravely went for God, to fight
Against base savages, whose pride
The laws of God and man defied:
Who slew the mother and the child,
Who maidens, pure and sweet, defiled;
He did not go to feed the guns.
He went to save from ruthless Huns
His home and country, and to be
A guardian of democracy.
"What if he does not come?" you say:
Well then, my sky will be more gray
But through the clouds the sun will shine
And vital memories be mine.
God's test of manhood is I know,
Not will he come but did he go?"

How well our boys acquitted themselves is common knowledge. The majority will return home, but some there are who found their Calvary and yielded their lives for their friends. Today the ladies in which their heroic spirits tabernicled while on earth lie buried beneath a foreign sod. A simple wooden cross marks their place, symbol of the generous sacrifice they have made. The remembrance of a brave son is better than the companionship of a cowardly one. We congratulate you that you have brought up your boy to be such a soldier in such a war as this.

You are proud of your son; your instinct applauds him and yet you are perplexed. You have read that war "is only splendid murder;" that "there never was a good war or a bad peace;" that "peace is the happy state of man, war his corruption, his disgrace;" that "war is wholly contrary to the spirit of Jesus;" these and kindred sentences you have been hearing and reading since the outbreak of the war. As Lyman Abbot has put it "The question, Is war right or wrong, is like the question, 'Was the crucifixion the greatest crime or the greatest glory of human history?' The crucifixion inflicted by Judas, Caiap has, and Pilate was an infamous crime; the crucifixion endured by Jesus Christ was a divine glory. The battlefield in Europe has been the scene of the greatest crime the world has ever known, and the scene of the world's greatest glory. On the lurid sky above that field the flaming sword of Prussia has written where all the world might see it, 'Self-will when it hath conceived bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death,' and by its side the swords of Belgium offering herself a sacrifice to save France, of England coming to the rescue of both, and of America crossing the seas to all the three have written in letters of celestial light "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

We are accustomed to think that peace is the normal condition of life; that conflicts, struggles, wars are regrettable episodes, when as a matter of fact conflict is the normal condition. Life is one long battle from the cradle to the grave. We need not our life food, clothing, shelter. These are not given, they are won by struggle. Nature gives us nothing we do not earn by our labors. We wrest our supplies from it; our foods our shelter, our clothing are the spoils of battle. We pray for bread, and God gives us a prairie for clothing and he gives us wild beasts which we may hunt, or sheep which we may tend, or cotton fields which we cultivate; for shelter and he gives us trees which the woodsman's axe must fell. The comforts of civilization are fruits of victory, crowning a patient, persistent struggle to overcome insistent and continued hostile forces.

The same is true of every sphere of life. Our most precious possessions are sealed by the blood of our forbears. Not a single step forward has been taken without stern conflict. The most ardent pacifiest would not deny that. Our boys have been fighting in this age-long conflict to make secure for the democracy of tomorrow the fruits of sacrificial endeavor.

The Hague Tribunal was God's appointed way of settling international disputes but Germany obsessed by her vain ambitions resorted to the sword. It was decreed in the courts of moral law that she should perish by the sword. Germany having spurned the conciliatory offers of arbitration so had to resort to force. Khaki displaced overalls; our boys laid aside the hoe to take up the rifle; workshops were turned into munition plants; and a citizen army of two million men crossed to the land of Lafayette to help turn the tides of reaction which threatened to engulf the whole world. It was a display of righteous force. Thurston in his plea for Cuba said "Force compelled the signature of unwilling loyalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence; force made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the bastille, and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill, and marked the snows of Valley Forge with bloodstained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant the victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag made 'niggers' men." Gentlemen the time for God's force had came again. The impassioned lips of American patriots once more took up the song:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the seas,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigured you and me.
As he died to make men holy let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on.

To make men free, the most glorious of all crusades, but at what a cost. In the words of Allen Seeger our boys had a rendezvous with "death," and they went to meet it with a heroism unsurpassed in the history of humankind. A brave soldier writing home to his mother said: "It does not matter when a man dies, but it does matter how he dies." These soldiers, matured beyond our comprehension, have discovered that death is not the greatest thing over there. They have got a philosophy of life which has been hard out of the exigencies of the moment. They have faced realities. In fellowship with the White Comrade they have peered beyond the veil. Life has assumed new proportions, and things are seen in their true perspective. If death has taken on a spirit of coronation we ought not to mourn for our fallen crusaders. Death is but an incident in life. Life is the real test. And when a man deliberately gives up for an other all that makes life worth living and his experience culminates by an exact offer of life itself for such in tangible values as honor, courage love, he affords the best possible evidence that he possesses immortality.

"After being out there for a time you come to feel that death is not the most important thing." What is it that makes a young officer with more than the average shrinking from war and bloodshed talk like that? Why should a youth, with the best of life before him feel that the "important" things and issues are outside ordinary appraisment? Perhaps it is because Providence, although a paradox, has a way of giving compensating assurance to the soul that keeps its loyalty unspoilt and has the courage to go where Christ has already been.

An English Methodist chaplain speaking of a funeral he conducted under fire said: "I felt led to offer no prayer for the lad at my feet, nor for his dead comrades. He needed no prayer of mine; rather did I need his. He was safe home in port. The storm had spent itself and neither rock, nor fog, nor fire would trouble him again. His living comrades and I were still out in the storm, battling towards the land. He had no need of us, but his parents and comrades had need of him. We were to pay a tribute to his life and death, to pray for his loved ones, and to learn how frail we are, and how dependent upon Him who is beyond the reach of the chances and changes of this mortal life.

It is with him we must leave our boys.

ELDRED.

Death of Thomas Oliver—Three New Arrivals Boom Population.

Thomas Oliver, a life-long resident of Newell Creek died there this morning at about 6:30, death being due to a general breaking down. Deceased was born in Cuba, N. Y., on April 3, 1842, and moved to Newell Creek when a small boy. He was married 51 years ago, and leaves his widow and seven children to mourn his death: Misses Mary and Lucy Oliver at home; and Mrs. Peter Gorman and George of Sartwell; John of Kane; James at home; and Peter of Port Allegany.

Deceased was a highly respected citizen of the community in which he has resided so long. The funeral will be held from the Catholic church at Sartwell, Monday morning.

Lieutenant E. M. McLean, late of the U. S. medical corps, and wife were over from Bradford Saturday. He has been honorably discharged from service after about 16 months' duty and will now spend some time renewing his acquaintances with his family and friends. He has not decided where or when he will take up his future residence. He owns his home in Eldred yet, and his friends here hope he will decide to return. For the present he will remain in Bradford where the children are attending school.

The band is rehearsing again and prospects are that they will be in splendid shape for the coming season.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Avelan the 28th a girl.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clark of Coryville the 28th, a girl.

Born last night to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Brown a 9 pound boy. Eagle.

CROSBY.

Basket Ball Season to Open—New Daughter Arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bloomster were at Olean, N. Y. Monday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bloomster.

Vernal Carpenter was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whittemore last week.

Llewellyn Freer visited his people on Open Brook last week returning home Monday, bringing his sister home with him.

The Ladies Aid will hold their usual meeting in the Parish house Thursday serving dinner at noon.

Rev. A. Gregson of Smethport preached to a large audience last Friday night. Communion services were also held.

The first basket ball game of the season will be played Wednesday night.

Mrs. Enos Grover was a Colegrove shopper Monday.

A brand new daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oley Timmerman, which tipped the scales at 15lb. "congratulations".

I. G. Wilcox killed a fine hog Monday.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox called on Mrs Harry Whittemore, Thursday, P. M.

BUSH HILL.

Events and Personal Mention of the Week from an Elevated Neighborhood

Miss Anna Smith of South Bend, Ind. is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith.

Mrs. Harry Freer and daughter, Cara called on Mrs. Henry Jordan Sunday.

Mrs. Anna McKiernan received a letter from her son, Charles, who is in France saying that he was well and having a fine time.

Magaret and William Smith of Olean spent the week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKiernan were Smethport shoppers Saturday.

Misses Marie Hooley and Agnes Marsh were Port Allegany business visitors Saturday.

Miss Nellie Smith was a Smethport business visitor Saturday.

Glenn Minard of Port Allegany called on friends in this place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds attended the wedding of Frank Fay and Anna Kiek in Olean Wednesday last.

Miss Anna McKiernan was a pleasant caller on Mrs. Thos. Smith Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillen of Smethport spent Sunday with Mrs. Anna McKiernan.

MT. JEWETT.

Personal Items of Interest — New Boy—Were Happily Married.

Miss Helga Paulson has resigned her position in the local High School and left Friday for Washington, D. C. where she has accepted a position.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Donoghenry, Tuesday, January 28th, 1919, a son.

Miss Twila Bundy entertained a number of her school friends Friday evening at the home of her parents.

Miss Velma Riggins entertained a number of her school friends at the home of her parents, Friday evening.

Mrs. C. E. Stumm entertained the Five Hundred club at her home Friday evening.

Mrs. Howard Cleveland and Mrs. C. G. Raymond returned Friday from Jamestown where they had been visiting friends.

Miss Gertrude Anderson has accepted the position in the postoffice made vacant by the resignation of Miss Mildred Anderson.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers is a week end guest of Smethport relatives.

Miss Alberta Begecker and Mr. Albert Fairbaugh quietly slipped away and were married one day last week. They are now at Camp Lee as Mr Fairbaugh has not yet received his discharge.

Miss Jessie Alberson has resigned her position with Peterson & Son and left Friday for Buffalo where she will visit her sister Elizabeth, who is located there.

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PORT ALLEGANY.

Short Items of Interest Clipped from the Reporter-Argus.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Bubb to the number of about twenty-five gathered at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Bowers on Mill Street Friday evening to bid them God Speed to their new home at Forks of the Brandywine near Philadelphia.

Mrs. Dan Rafferty and children have returned from an extended visit at St. Marys and Hazelhurst. While away the children were ill of influenza and pneumonia but has now fully recovered.

E. A. Guenter of Coryville was in town Monday morning on his way home from Coudersport, where he had been visiting his mother, who is very ill.

Mrs. Hafner of Smethport was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Church street the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holcomb were over Sunday guests of friends and relatives in Smethport.

Mrs. C. F. Tubbs of Betula has been visiting her daughter, Constance Tubbs, at the F. Fairbanks residence.

CORYVILLE.

Shadow Social To-Morroy Night—Visitors of the Week.

Mrs. D. E. Windsor was a recent visitor in Olean.

A. B. Washburn was a business visitor in Smethport Saturday.

J. A. Sparks was in Smethport Saturday.

Mrs. M. J. Starkweather of Smethport was in town Saturday.

Orval Tuttle of Olean was a guest of Mrs. E. C. Holmes, over Sunday.

Born, January 28, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clark. Mrs. Carr of Smethport is nurse.

Miss Bertha McGuire is at Barnum Pa.

Mrs. George Moody was a Smethport visitor, Monday.

Mrs. Ella Holmes and grandson, Frances Holmes were recent business visitors in Olean.

Miss Ella Moody has returned home from a visit with friends at Chrystal, Pa.

Mrs. E. C. Holmes was a week end visitor in Smethport.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Prentiss of Eldred were guests on Monday of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairchild.

There will be a shadow social and oyster supper held at Millers hall, Friday evening, by the members of The Christian Endeavor.

Miss Clara Taylor who is teaching at Davis City, was home Saturday.

Mrs. Moore is entertaining her sister Mrs. Paul of Hornell, N. Y.

Roy Clark was a recent business visitor in Smethport.

Frank Schick was in Smethport Monday.

Walter Morris has purchased a Ford car.

Mrs. Myrtle-Barron was in Bradford last week with her daughter Mrs. Ida Webster, who was operated upon for appendicitis, at the hospital. Mrs. Barron was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wahlo, while in Bradford.

DAIRY MEETINGS.

A number of meetings have been planned for the Dairymen of McKean county for better cooperation. We all know what organization means when the dairymen through the "Dairymen's League" can win such victories as that of the past month. The discussions will be led by an authority on dairying from the College. The main subjects for discussion are more silos balanced feeds, ensilage corn and cowtesting associations. Meetings will be held as follows:

Kane—E. Kane school house, Tuesday, February 11, at 2 p. m.

Smethport—Court House, on Wednesday, February 12, at 2 p. m.

Bradford—Melvin and Melvin, Main street, Wednesday, February 12, at 8 p. m.

Eldred—Grange Hall, Thursday, February 13, at 2 p. m.

Turtle Point—Grange Hall, Thursday February 1', at 8 p. m.

Port Allegany—Grange Hall Friday, February 14, at 2 P. M.

Bring your questions and come to one of the above meetings if you are a dairyman.

WANTED: woman or girl for general housework and to assist with children. Must be trustworthy. Address, stating abilities and wages expected:— Mrs. L. E. Scanlon, Colegrove, Pa. adv3tf